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THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

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LITERARY FASHION HOME

PICTORIAL REVIEW



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November, 1903

PARIS
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The Thanksgiving number of PICTORIAL REVIEW will contain much matter appropriate to the season. There will be short stories, written by people who have stories to tell and who know how to tell them. Frances Rhys will contribute "Loretta's Conscience," wherein the time-honored turkey plays an important rôle. Annice Gilchrist furnishes a child's story, called "Helen's Thanksgiving Story," which will interest the grown-ups as well as the children. The child's story will be made a feature of the REVIEW. Muriel Bailly's absorbing story, "The Coming of a Prince," will be continued in this number.

"Amusements for Thanksgiving Day" will give hints for the entertainment of your guests, both old and young, after the Thanksgiving dinner has been eaten. "Thanksgiving Day" gives the history of the observance of the day, and tells how our Puritan forefathers kept it. The "Talk to Girls" in this issue will be "On Making the Right Start." It is not a preachment, but a helpful article by a woman who is able to see the girl's point of view. "Punishments" will be discussed in the department called "Motherland." "Thinking in New Grooves" will be a practical article, showing that a woman may get out of the rut, even if she cannot change her environment.

The other departments, "Housewife," "Fashion Chat," "Social Observances," "Men and Women," "The Work-Table," "Apple of Paris," "Correspondence," "The American Beauty," "The Paris Letter," "Seen in the Shops," "The Home Dressmaker," "Dress-cutting," "Cookery," and the architectural page, will present more than their usual attractions. The illustrations really illustrate the articles and stories.

The fashion department will furnish information regarding the winter raiment of both women and children, for street or house.

* * *

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* * *

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The great success of our Fur Scarf Premium of last winter leads us to repeat our offer, with additional attractions.

PICTORIAL REVIEW

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE
LITERARY FASHION HOME

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If you could know the well-dressed woman's secret, you would learn that she reads and studies the PICTORIAL REVIEW—the great American authority and criterion of fashion.

* * *

Short Stories

May be expected every month. By this we do not mean stories which are merely short, but good stories by people who have something to tell.

* * *

Your Winter Raiment.

The Thanksgiving number of the REVIEW furnishes styles for women of all ages and figures.

* * *

Thanksgiving Story

For children, entitled "Helen's Thanksgiving Story." This is a story about a story. It will interest the grown-ups as well as the children. The child's story will be made a feature of the REVIEW.

* * *

Cookery.

Practical recipes from Marion Harland, illustrated. Nothing better could be said for this department.

* * *

Dresscutting.

The usual practical lesson from the McDowell system.

* * *

Flat Patterns.

We call attention to the four pages of flat patterns. They are the only ready-made patterns which enable the amateur dressmaker or the novice to fit an irregular figure as perfectly as a normal one. Two additional pages of these patterns will be given each month.

* * *

If you are not a regular subscriber to the REVIEW send in your subscription at once, and so have a part in the good things which will appear during the next year.

* * *

Children's Costumes.

All sorts of garments for the small folk, as chic as those for the women.

* * *

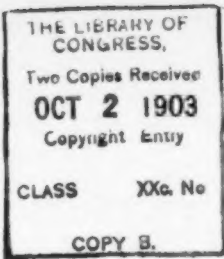
The prize offer for the best photograph by a girl or a boy under 15 years is open till November 1, 1903. The prize is a \$15.00 Al-Vista Camera, size 9½ x 6 x 5.

* * *

The competition for the \$50.00 prize for the best Thanksgiving story closes November 1. Manuscripts should contain 15,000 words and should be typewritten. Stamps must be enclosed for return if not available.

* * *

Remember that PICTORIAL REVIEW is three magazines in one. The subscriber really has a literary, a fashion, and a home magazine, each one of which would cost not less than ten cents if purchased separately, making a total of Thirty cents, all of which you get for Ten cents. By subscribing to the REVIEW, Twenty cents is saved each month. Figures tell!



"AN AMERICAN BEAUTY."



Mrs. Henry C. Corbin is the wife of General Corbin. She makes her home in Washington, where she has entree to the most exclusive social as well as official set. Mrs. Corbin has been the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton aboard the "Erin" during the recent yacht races, and she has delighted the Irish knight's friends by her rare gift of relating anecdotes cleverly and her graciousness of manner. She has very decided views sartorially, and designs all her own frocks along simple, original lines.

Tall, slender, dark and stylish, there is a roguish twinkle in her large grey eyes when she looks you straight in the eye while she gives one a cordial hand clasp.

An Interesting

BARONESS VON ORENDORFF has recently returned from Paris, where at a dinner given at Ritz's, the engagement of her beautiful niece, Miss Glacia Calla, was announced to Count de Bynac.

The Baroness is a golden blonde, about forty years old. Her hair is real gold, the gold of Saxony, and her eyes are deep blue, the shade of rare turquoise.

It is laughable when she refers to being "a good old thing," for she certainly does not look the old part of it.

Miss Calla is tall and very slender with the "mat" complexion which recalls Mrs. James Brown Potter in her Juliet days.

The Baroness has married her own girls to distinguished noblemen, and the big palatial home on S. Street in Washington, D. C., was very lonely with the voices of the young people who used to fill the halls with laughter and music silent; and so, like "the good old thing" she so laughingly describes herself, this beautiful woman, still young and with the highest social position obtainable at every court in Europe, took the chaperonage of Miss Glacia Calla, her young niece, in charge.

Sunshine, laughter and music again filled the large house with joy, and the Baroness had the young people she loves so well again about her.

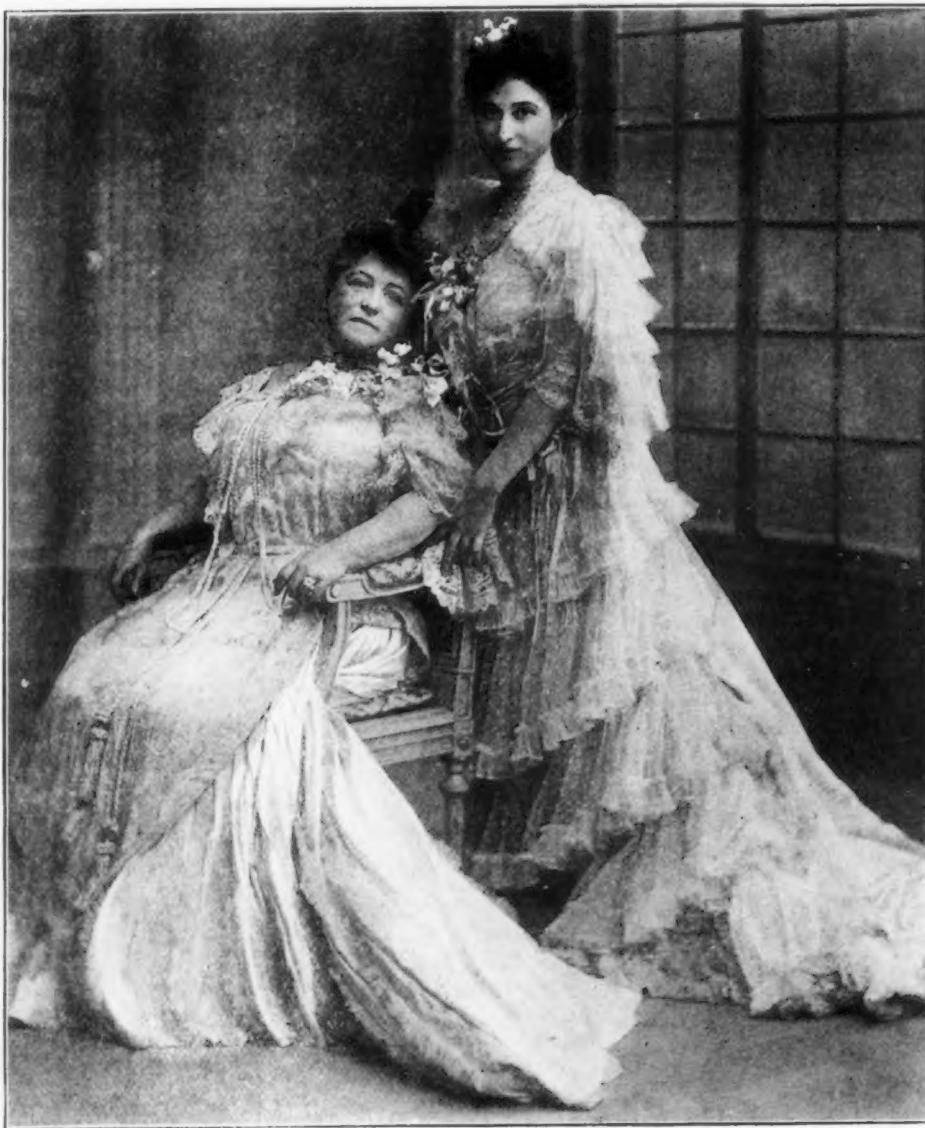
Being a thorough cosmopolite, she rarely spends an entire year in one part of the world, so last winter she spent in Cairo, returning only to Paris in time for the social season.

It was in Egypt that the beautiful niece met the Count de Bynac, a long-limbed, slender Frenchman, rich, young, noble, holding for a girl of nineteen an absolute fascination.

Less and less did Miss Calla care for the music lesson in which she once took such delight. Love had crept into her heart, stealing away all interest in all else but the Count de Bynac.

Even words of praise from the celebrated Marchesi failed to win appreciation in her once eager ears.

It was love, real love, the beautiful dream of innocent conquest that



BARONESS VON ORENDORFF AND MISS GLACIA CALLA.



ORENDORFF HOUSE, 2000 S STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

International Family

thrills a woman's being when it is love, the first enthusiastic, ecstatic young dream of womanhood.

But "nay, nay" said the Baroness. "You are both entirely too young as yet. I am going to take Glacia to America for a year. She must not decide too quickly."

"Love will find a way," and Saratoga bored the beautiful Glacia, and the yacht races were still a greater feast of ennui.

She gave up her music and would not sing for her friends nor practice for her aunt, who had expended such loving care and such large sums of money in making the glorious voice a perfect slave to the skilled technique of her beautiful Glacia.

Everything failed, and the loving Baroness resigned herself to announce the engagement, and "now they are going to be married."

The Count de Bynac will arrive in New York in time for the horse show, and the Baroness is consoling herself with the fact that in three years another niece will be eighteen, the age she considers the proper one to introduce a girl to society, and then the great house will again be ablaze with lights, music and merriment of young people.

"How ridiculous for them to marry so soon!" were the words of the Baroness von Orendorff.

The love-story of these two young people is very romantic. Joubet, the celebrated French artist, had just painted Miss Calla's portrait, and it was hung in the National Gallery.

Count de Bynac saw the portrait and fell in love with the glorious beauty of the young girl who smiled so joyously and innocently from the canvas.

With all the impetuosity of a Frenchman he sought an introduction and won her almost at once—for the de Bynacs have had a faculty of making women love them for generations back, when one of the forebears of the young incumbent who has won Miss Calla's heart, fell in love with a Princess of Royal blood and killed himself on her account.

Miss Calla is herself a descendant of a Southern family. Her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all navy men, and she is very proud of her ancestry, as well as her quite distinct Southern accent.

Miss Calla is exceedingly romantic in disposition, and she is so desperately in love with the Count de Bynac that, to quote her aunt, "she is quite useless."

At one time she was very much enamoured of a stage career; her teachers had told her of the wonderful possibilities of her voice, and what a career of success lay before her; but her aunt no longer has that to worry about, for the love affair has quite disillusioned Miss Calla for a stage career.



COUNT DE BYNAC.

THE COMING OF A PRINCE.

By MISS MURIEL BAILY.



MISS MURIEL BAILY

GEORGE NELSON, bachelor and philanthropist sat in his second-story front and surveyed the scene before him. His outlook was neither broad nor inviting. Opposite there was a brown house of three stories. It was like all other tenements of its kind, but he had observed, during his infrequent visits in these parts, that the windows just opposite to his were draped with rather dainty curtains, and that they were clean, something so very unusual that it would have attracted his attention even without the decoration. But although he had often wondered, in a desultory fashion, who could possibly be the possessor of so much luxury in this forlorn part of New York City, he had not been able to catch even a glimpse of a single inhabitant. Presently he yawned and stretched his arms. Trying to help the poor is not the simplest thing in the world, as he was finding. He had stayed away for some time because of his discouragements; but in spite of ingratitude and hypocrisy, and many other deplorable traits which he was surprised to find the poor as well as the rich possessed, he was back again to look after his proteges. His yawn brought him very close to the window, and as he glanced down he gave a low whistle.

"By Jove," he said, "what a beauty."

He grasped his hat and went down the steps as fast as his eagerness could carry him; but when he had closed the door with a bang and turned to look for the objects of his haste, there was no sign, at either end of the long square, of the tall young girl in a simple gown, or the well-bred woman in the widow's garb on whose arm the younger one had been so affectionately leaning. For a second he stood still in amazement. It was not possible that they could have reached the corner either way in the time it had taken him to reach the door, and yet they surely could not have any business in any of these houses. In his dilemma he walked first to one street and then back again to the other, and then stood, absent-mindedly, in front of his own peculiar doorstep. The children, ragged, dirty in mind and body, crowded about him, and he spoke to them; but for the first time in his thirty years of wandering a girl's face thrust itself between his eyes and every other interest.

Meanwhile, up in that second-story front across the way, where those unusual curtains were hanging, the girl was leaning back in the one easy chair the room possessed and laughing lightly.

"And so he has come back again, mother?" she was saying. Her white hands were clasped in her

lap, about her lips there played a tremulous smile. The brown hair curled lovingly about the exquisite forehead, and one spare sunbeam, which had struggled to glance over the unattractive false front of the opposite tenement roof, lay across the clear, wide-open eyes. The mother, quickly laying aside the cloak she was folding, passed over and stood beside her, and shielded the eyes from the light. The girl reached up and fondled the hand lovingly. "How does he look, Mother Mine?" she asked.

Over the mother's face there passed a spasm of heart agony.

"He is as handsome as ever," she answered. She crossed to the window and stood looking down to where the young man still stood, with the children about him. She looked earnestly at the figure in the tweed suit. The man was too tall, and he stooped; his face was too pale, his jaw too square, his mouth too large, his nose too prominent, and yet he was unmistakably a gentleman.

"Tell me, Heart's Dearest, can you see him now?" the clear voice asked.

"Yes," the mother said. Very quietly she picked up some white work that lay on the chair and, seating herself by the window, prepared to sew. "He is standing on the edge of the walk and looking up and down the street. He seems to be waiting for some one. Now a little girl is talking to him, and he has given her something, and he has put his hand on her head." She did not add aloud that she wondered how he could, for the head was most uninviting in appearance. She wondered if he could be the City Missionary, or some visiting clergyman.

"He must have a great heart," the girl was saying. "He loves children."

She leaned back in her chair, smiling sweetly, and content to weave her little romance and dream. The mother sewed on hurriedly, the light was fading and she had so much to do before the darkness fell. Now and then she glanced at the girl, and the weary sadness of her face would lift as she saw the lovely patience of that blind child. Day by day she sat there, with all the heavy burden of life to crush her, and all the work to do. How long it had seemed since her husband's death and the subsequent discoveries of his business affairs had made her hide herself and the girl away from everything they had ever known before. There had been nothing left that had not rightfully belonged to others, and she had not been able to bear the pity and scorn of the world. Perhaps she did not realize it; but there was but one thing that had saved her, and that she considered the greatest cruelty God could have inflicted upon her. But if Helen had not been blind, Mrs. Graham would not have put forth all her energy—summoned up all her knowledge of the good and beautiful—and practiced all her arts for forgetfulness that the girl should never know the change. How she had managed to hide it she did not know herself; but to Helen it was not the meager room in the dreary tenement, but a simple, happy home where she and her mother lived in retirement since the father's death.

When the man on the opposite side of the narrow, ill-kept street had gone in and the light had faded, Mrs. Graham folded her work in her lap and laid it carefully on the top of some other. Then she crossed the room, wrapped them all carefully, and tied them together. After that she

passed into an inner room and lighted the lamp. The girl did not question her. She sat dreaming intently. All the beauty and loveliness, all the higher ideals of life and the purpose of living which the mother heart could fancy—all the best things she had seen and known—were stored in the girl's mind. Presently the mother came in, bearing a tray. The girl turned languidly. "I have had such a pleasant little dream about the Prince," she said.

The mother smiled. "Yes, love," she said. "And now you must have your tea, for mother must leave you for awhile to make her call on Mrs. Van Trump."

"Yes, mother." The tray was set for one, and the repast was dainty. "Are you going to eat with me?" she asked.

"I must dress first," she said evasively. "I will have something a little later."

So the girl ate, slowly and happily, and presently she turned. "Mother," she called, "will you not come and share my tea? I like to have you here. You lighten the darkness, Mother Mine."

The woman went to her quickly. Was it strange, oh mothers, that that little sentence made her forget all the weary hours, the pangs of hunger, the days and nights of work, the deprivations and sorrows and lonely tears. It was hard to weep alone. It would have been so much easier to have said, "Love, the shadows are heavy about us; but we have each other." Sometimes her lips almost refused the descriptions of the beautiful things, which were a mockery to her starved soul, with its intense love of the true and the good. Oftentimes she longed to cry out all the anguish of her soul, and to tell the truth. She felt that it would be easier ever after, if only for once she might say that she walked to Mrs. Van Trump's great house over miles of the city's dusty streets, and went in at the servant's door. She longed to say that the rent was due and she feared that she could not meet it, and that there were times when she could not buy food enough for two. But one glance at that exquisite face without a trace of care and the mother stilled her own heart aches and wove her pretty romances. If her eyes grew dim and her strength seemed to be failing she must trust to One who had promised not to forsake the widow and the fatherless. For the present she counted it a sufficient compensation for all to hear that little sentence, whispered so lovingly, "You lighten the darkness, Mother Mine." The woman's face was lovely in its pathetic gratitude as she stooped and kissed the sightless eyes and drank gratefully the little cup of tea. Then she tied on her worn widow's black bonnet and fastened the cape about her shoulders.

"You will not be lonely, Helen dear. I shall not very long."

"I have so many happy thoughts," she answered. "I shall be very good while you are away."

Then the woman passed out, with the finished work well hidden under her cape.

George Nelson, coming out of his door an hour later, saw her as she came down the street, looking worn and tired; but with a hidden fire in her dark eyes. She carried a few modest parcels. A quick, glad look came into his own eyes as he recognized her and realized that his afternoon's hopes were about to be realized. Half unconsciously he started to cross the street, and as he did so, he saw that she was looking up at the brown tenement. "She cannot possibly—" he

(Continued on page 7.)

MRS. LANGTRY.

Strange coincidences which make the "Jersey Lily" resemble Mrs. Deering, the Heroine of Mrs. Deering's Divorce.

Would Mrs. Langtry see me?

She would.

Be interviewed?

She would not. Emphatically with a toss of that beautiful head, mounted on the column-like neck, which gave this international beauty the pseudonym of "The Jersey Lily."

In a lazy voice, mellow and without the shrill American twang, which disfigures so many of our famous beauties, she consented to chat on various topics; not, however, for publication.

Everybody knows that Lillie Langtry, once the recipient of marked honors from the King of England, while he was Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, has a grown daughter, named Jean, and that a few years ago this charmingly bred young girl, who had made a successful social entrée in the best English society, married a fabulously rich Scotchman, Mr. Ian McLaren, and that they had the pleasure of receiving personal gifts and letters from Queen Alexandra.

All this occurred shortly after Lillie Langtry married a handsome young penniless Englishman, who is of distinguished ancestry.

Dame Rumor said the fair Lillie had fallen in love for the first time in her life with the *beaux yeux* of Hugo de Bathe. Others whispered the rich, beautiful, gifted, cosmopolite yearned to wear a real coronet, and that she wanted some day to be "My Lady."

Be that as it may Mr. Hugo de Bathe was in South Africa winning spurs for himself in fighting the Boers, and, Mrs. Langtry, his wife, is winning fame and new laurels in a new play called "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," a society drama skilfully written by Mr. Percy Fendall.

The play is eminently suited to Mrs. Langtry's talent, and is a thoroughly clean up-to-date comedy, introducing bridge whist, mental science, five o'clock tea, marriage, divorce and physical culture; all of these varied topics being skilfully interwoven in a plot, not too heavy to tax one's brain, but clear and forceful. The whole play hinges on the divorce Mrs. Deering obtained from her husband, Captain Deering. In the first act Mrs. Deering is dressed in deep mourning. "Because she has buried her husband."

Her sister-in-law has just dismissed an ardent suitor, and the ladies are having tea, when Mrs. Deering receives a letter from Miss Verner, daughter of Lady Granpeir, and a woman with views on women's wrongs and emancipation, asking for an interview to obtain the character of Captain Deering, whom she expects to marry.

Jealousy and tears combine to reveal to Mrs. Hayden, the sister-in-law, that the divorcee loves her husband.

In the second act Lady Granpeir is giving a bridge whist party in the picture gallery of her castle.

Mrs. Deering, invited by Miss Verner, the husband's fiancée, announces her engagement to Mr. Foster, the ardent young suitor, who was so summarily dismissed in the first act.

Husband and wife are mutually attracted to each other and a pretty love scene takes place, both wish to be rid of Mr. Foster and Miss Verner. It would not be fair to go into all the complications which would spoil the treat for those who are to see the play.

In the third act the characters all meet at the famous dressmaker's, where M. Leo is the most ridiculous man couturier one could imagine.

Mrs. Deering does a disrobing act while she prepares to try on a party gown. Captain Deering happens in to keep an appointment with Miss Verner, who is now his ex-fiancee and who desires to bring about a reconciliation between the Deerings, as she is convinced they really are still in love.

Reconciled, the lovers decide to remarry, and all the other characters happen in just at the proper time to congratulate them. Although the play ends rather abruptly one is quite satisfied with the result.

The feminine members of the company wear the most gorgeous gowns as, of course, does Mrs. Langtry. In the first act she wears a black satin, made with a full skirt, ornamented with three bands of fluffy black chenille trimming, which resembles fur until one looks more closely.

The bodice is made of black lace over white, the latter merely gleaming through the heavy lace in bolero effect.

White spangled net, over many chiffon skirts, cut circular fashion but close fitting at the hips, is the ball gown. Over this she wears a long marabout stole.

The waist is very décolleté slightly bloused, while the sleeves are merely butterfly bows, with tiny buckles in the center attached to narrow bands of crushed peau de soie; three of which form the sleeve.

At M. Leo's Mrs. Langtry wears a black velvet, the only trimming of which is a wide patent leather belt, at least four inches wide. With this costume she wears a picture hat.

In the last scene she disrobes, which is so delicately accomplished that she conveys no suggestive ideas to the audience.



MRS. LANGTRY.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh.

THE COMING OF A PRINCE.

(Continued from page 5.)

was saying, and then he heard her give a little cry of dismay, and one of her bundles dropped to the ground with a little crackling, crushing sound, while she reached out hurriedly for some support. He was at her side in a second, with her hand on his arm.

"Oh," she said, with an intaking of the breath that showed her to be in pain. "How did I come to be so awkward? I guess I must be even more tired than I thought." She leaned against him and looked up into his strong face. It was such a luxury to admit her weariness, and to see the look of compassion in his kindly eyes.

"I am sorry," he said, smiling. "Were those eggs that you dropped? Because if they were, I suppose there is no use in my picking them up?"

She looked down. "There is not much use," she said, and then she groaned. "I must have sprained my ankle. It is so very painful."

I am afraid he blessed the sprained ankle, for he had been wondering by what pretext he might see her to her home and perhaps catch a glimpse of that girlish face that haunted him so. But added to that was the real inborn love of helping. This desire of being of use to some one had unfitted him for drawing room and society, and led him, whenever he grew a bit bored with travel and his clubs, to take up his station in his meagre room in his second story front, that he might watch the lives about him and lend a lifting hand where it seemed likely to do good.

"It is too bad about your ankle," he said. "But you must let me be of service. That is what I am for. Do you think you can walk at all?"

"I can try," she said. "I must have stepped on a stone, for it turned very suddenly."

"One of those quick wrenches," he said, "and they are bad." He placed his strong arm about her and bade her lean against him.

"I live just here," she said, pointing to the brown house in front of which they were standing. "I'm glad it is no further."

"Then I can carry you if this way is too painful," he asserted cheerfully. He did not show in the slightest degree that he was surprised, but lifted her carefully up the stairs to the doorway. Then, finding that even that slight pressure on the injured foot was painful, he picked her up in his arms and, carrying her quickly and easily up the long flight, placed her at her own doorway.

"How did you know?" she smiled, as she put her hand on the door to enter.

"The curtains," he said.

She smiled. "You must come in." She opened the door. He could see past her into the room, and he stood on the threshold while she walked painfully across to where the girl sat. She reached up her arms like a weary child. "Oh mother," she cried, "I have wanted you sadly."

The mother kissed her and stroked her hair fondly. "Was I selfish, dear? I am very sorry." Her face was very white, and Nelson wondered how she did stand at all.

"My mother, you are never selfish," she whispered. "It is only I. Somehow I could not remember the songs you have taught me. I wanted the music of your voice, and even the Prince could not charm me. I grew troubled for you some way. I could not fancy what you were doing, and it seemed hard that, out of so many, only I should be blind."

The mother turned her eyes toward the man in the doorway, and he never forgot the look she gave him. It seemed to him that years of suffering were crowded into that one glance. He forgot the sudden pang that he felt on the discovery of the girl's blindness. That affliction seemed to

him as nothing in comparison with the pain of the other's heart.

"The Good Father knows the reason, Helen," she said gently, "and now I must introduce our visitor."

"A visitor, mother?" she asked, wonderingly, and then she stood up and lifted her head for a moment with a gesture so wonderfully quaint and graceful that Nelson's eyes could not leave her. Then, as surely as the flower turns its face to the sun, she turned to him, and the wonderful light in her face almost dazzled him. "It is the Prince," she cried.

He smiled as he crossed the few feet that separated them in the miserably small room, and he grasped her two dainty hands. He did not need the beseeching look in the mother's eyes, for of a sudden he knew that it was all the world to him to be near her, even though she could not see. "Little Princess," he said.

She laughed girlishly as she withdrew her hands gently from his. "The mother promised to bring you to me some time, Sir Prince," she said. "But I have fancied that your coming would be like the other little romances that we have woven about you. Did you find him at Mrs. Van Trump's, mother?"

He smiled into the still pale face of the mother. "No," he laughed, "she found me wandering disconsolately in search of a jewel, and she helped me to find it."

"The mother always seems to take one into Fairyland," she answered. Her voice was softer and there was a slight timidity about it now, for the young man's voice had a little note in it that was new to her. "She seems to have found the Prince and the Princess, the jewel, the castle and all the necessary things. She must be the good fairy in disguise."

"More than that," he said, very gravely. "I really cannot tell you what she cannot do; but I fancy that she would bear the sorrows of the world cheerfully, if she could save the pain of living for others. But we must not forget that pain is good for mortals—that it strengthens and develops them."

"Not always," Mrs. Graham said quickly. "If one can help, then it is never so very hard; but when one can only wait and think—Oh, I should think that one could never feel any happiness."

He looked at Helen's puzzled face. "You are right," he said, "and as usual you have allowed others to forget that you are suffering. I am ashamed of myself."

Mrs. Graham smiled, wanly. "The pain is dreadful," she sighed.

The girl gave a little cry. "You are hurt?"

"Only a sprained ankle, Princess," Nelson hastened to assure her, "and I am excellent at bandaging." He knelt before Mrs. Graham's chair. "I shall have to cut the shoe," he said. "You have stood on it too long."

The shoe was very shabby, but she drew back. "I—I can bear the pain if you could possibly remove it without," she pleaded.

"Indeed you shall not," he said firmly. "Until that ankle is perfectly well I shall be guardian angel, and you have nothing to do but bear the pain, which will not be too easy in itself." Then, as he met her protesting glance, he smiled mischievously. "There is nothing else for her to do, is there, Princess?"

"I am afraid not," she answered. "Since I am of no use at all."

"Indeed you are," he said heartily, bent on removing the burdens from these two hearts if there was any way in the world to do it. "You can amuse the invalid, and report to me if she disobeys."

He had deftly cut away the shoe, and, placing a chair in front of Mrs. Graham, he left her to remove the stocking while he followed her directions and found the material for bandages. He hurriedly crossed the street for some liniment and came back with a can of boiling water, which he had procured from the woman who lived on the first floor of the tenement.

"Now, then," he said, as he proceeded to bandage with considerable skill, "if I had not been selfish I should have sent for a doctor, for this is no laughing matter; but I want all the credit myself. I have had experiences with injuries."

"You are not a physician, then?" Mrs. Graham asked, smiling.

"No, indeed," he answered, "but that was a very neat compliment. I am only a forlorn fellow-mortal with nothing to do but to mind other people's affairs. I make a mess of it often, and meddle where I've no business to; but if you will just let me be of real help to you, and will not mind my blunders, I shall be grateful to you, for I should like to feel that I was not entirely wrong in thinking that I could do some good in the world."

Mrs. Graham bowed her head in her hands, and it was Helen's voice that thanked him. "Oh," she said, "how good you are. We are very much alone, and it is pleasant to find a friend in this great city."

"I am very much alone, too," he said. "And now that we understand each other, I propose that we have a nice supper. I am very hungry, and I do not feel like eating alone. May we use your best table, Fairy Godmother?"

She smiled at him with the tears still wet on her cheeks.

"From the looks of my poor shoe, I hardly think it will do any good to object to anything, so you may as well consider us your property until I am about—and I thank Him who sent you for all His mercies."

Nelson pondered over events while he hurried to the gay Bohemian restaurant not far away, and walked back again with the well-burdened waiter at his heels. He had never known what it was to want anything in his whole life that he could not get if money could buy it. The one thing that money could not buy—true love—he almost believed was not quite the real thing. He had begun to put the hope of it with his ideals of life and the follies of his youth—they all seemed to make the reality of his life the harder to bear. And now he knew that it had come, and he wondered if it was, after all, really for him. The slight doubt made him frown with pain. It seemed to him that he had always been hearing that low laughter and the music of her voice, and that it was not a few short hours since he had first seen her. He raised his eyes to the clear starlit sky overhead and a great awe came into them. "God helping me," he said, "I will win."

"Did you speak?" the waiter asked.

He turned quickly. "This is the house," he answered, and led him upstairs.

It was a merry meal. Nelson sent the man away and waited on the ladies himself, explaining that he wanted no assistance from outsiders. "What right has a man with a red face and a beery breath in Fairyland, Princess?" he asked.

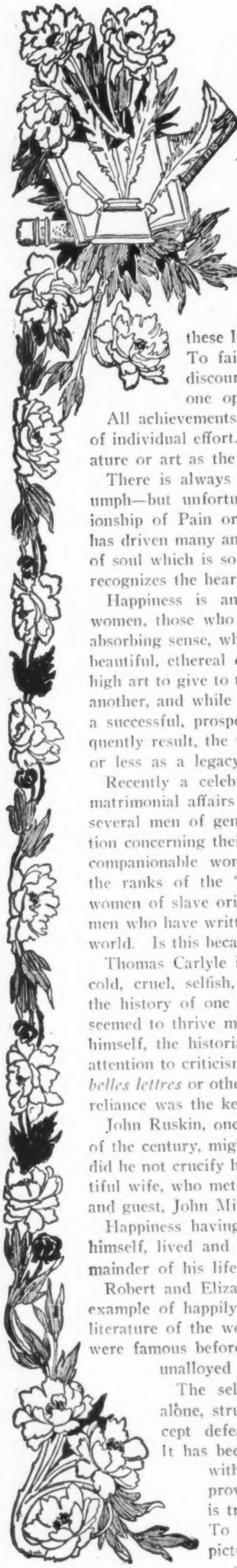
"Oh," she said, reproachfully, "he seemed to speak so respectfully to you, and he moved so quietly, that you must not be hard on him."

"But he did have a red face," he insisted, nonsensically. "And while there was enough of it, he was really not good form."

She turned on him swiftly. "Well, really," she exclaimed, "he would not have been guilty of such an atrocious one as that."

(Continued in the December number.)

SELF-RELIANCE.



SELF-RELIANCE is the most misunderstood condition in the affairs of men, for it is human nature to refer to self-reliance when there is absolutely nothing in one's heart or mind or character worth relying upon; hence the lack of force these hackneyed words now contain.

Build not your structure upon sand; first know thoroughly and well the measure of your ability, and with the stern resolve never to deviate from the best in thought and act, devote endless energy, untiring effort and a courage born of a strong belief in yourself; following out these lines, there can be no such result as failure. To fail is to lose faith in one's self, to become discouraged, powerless, weak, because, perhaps, of one opinion that differs from one's own.

All achievements in the annals of the world are the result of individual effort. Who ever heard of a masterpiece in literature or art as the combined effort of two?

There is always a partnership, in any genuine artistic triumph—but unfortunately it is usually the solitary companionship of Pain or her twin-sister—Sorrow—whose presence has driven many an individual to drown self in the expression of soul which is so keen, poignant and real that all the world recognizes the heart-throbbing truth.

Happiness is an enervating condition. Happy men and women, those who love and are loved in the passionate, all-absorbing sense, which makes life a heavenly ecstasy, have no beautiful, ethereal dreams or conceptions of word-pictures or high art to give to the world. The individual is submerged in another, and while domestic joy, the rearing of a family, and a successful, prosperous life from a financial standpoint frequently result, the world can not count one masterpiece more or less as a legacy from those who are happy.

Recently a celebrated man wrote a work on the strange matrimonial affairs of men of genius, and the biographies of several men of genius were given with a remarkable revelation concerning their wives. No one had chosen an educated, companionable woman, as one would fancy; instead, from the ranks of the "impossible class" the unlettered or even women of slave origin, have been chosen as the mates of the men who have written the masterpieces in the literature of the world. Is this because great men love weak, clinging women?

Thomas Carlyle is a noteworthy example of a man whose cold, cruel, selfish, egotistical nature made his married life the history of one continuous domestic warfare. His genius seemed to thrive mid a sea of discontent; relying entirely on himself, the historian Froude tells us, he paid absolutely no attention to criticism though it emanated from editors, men of *belles lettres* or others whose opinion demanded respect. Self-reliance was the keynote of his success.

John Ruskin, one of the greatest thinkers and philosophers of the century, might well be called "the man of sorrow," for did he not crucify himself during life for the love of his beautiful wife, who met and fell in love with her husband's friend and guest, John Millais, the painter?

Happiness having passed him by, John Ruskin, relying on himself, lived and worked almost in solitude during the remainder of his life.

Robert and Elizabeth Browning might be mentioned as an example of happily wedded persons who added much to the literature of the world; but let it not be forgotten that both were famous before they met and loved, and also that their unalloyed happiness was of short duration.

The self-reliant are they who work and strive alone, struggling against adversity, unwilling to accept defeat, full of conscious ability to achieve. It has been said "that while one still is dissatisfied with one's work there is always hope of improvement"; but we do not believe that this is true of those who have real intrinsic ability. To those who really achieve results, a finished picture or book, cannot be improved upon;

further efforts might result in ruin.

In all walks of life and in any situation in which one may find one's life, it is self-reliance which should guide the hand at the helm.

The housewife who relies upon her servants where she is herself ignorant, is predestined to fail in successfully managing her household, for even those beneath us in education and intelligence perceive the effluvia of indecision which emanates from the individual lacking self-reliance.

A business man who relies upon his buyer, salesman or manager builds bricks without straw, for he should have faith in his own ability to steer the bark of his career to the shore of Success.

We do not mean that the head of a business concern should be able personally to fill the place of his subordinate, nor that he should delude himself into the belief that he could fill the place of office boy as creditably as the office boy himself; but we mean he should rely on himself to secure another office boy, as useful and competent and skilful as necessary.

Multitudes of failures in life are predetermined by the mistaken idea that because a man is a successful bank president he could also be a successful maker of magazines.

Would not a successful merchant be wasting his time if he decided to make a pair of shoes, relying on his success as a money-maker to assist him in accomplishing a simple task, but one, however, with which he was entirely unfamiliar?

The skilled shoemaker would naturally be sought and paid for his "knowing how."

Self-reliance is in this manner frequently entirely misunderstood. Rely only on what practical commonsense, experience, knowledge and education convinces you that you are qualified and able to do; eliminate from your calculations uncertainties, and show your brain power by relying on your ability to procure the proper person to execute a proper task.

Learn to depend upon your own judgment, and rely on your own capability for deciding questions of moment, if you would command the respect of those about you.

Indecision is a characteristic of the weak. To ask the opinion of several others would confuse the strongest-minded individual in the world. When articles are written about those who surround and advise a great man, let the story be read *cum grano salis*, if the man is really great, for really great men do not ask nor accept advice from anyone; relying upon themselves, they use their own judgment.

This is not intended to exclude those who are qualified to give expert advice on technical matters or on abstract subjects. We refer to questions of commonsense and on practical matters. It will be found few persons agree on matters of apparently simple commonsense.

A writer once said: "I know how well I do my work, because men of ability have paid well for what I have to say, and because they like the way I say it. You see, I know how well I write." Those words have long remained in my memory, as a conclusive argument for self-reliance. The speaker knew how and why, beyond any question of argument.

"The first step towards being wise is to know the things wherein we are ignorant," might well be printed in letters of fire in a prominent place in all public offices, as well as places of business.

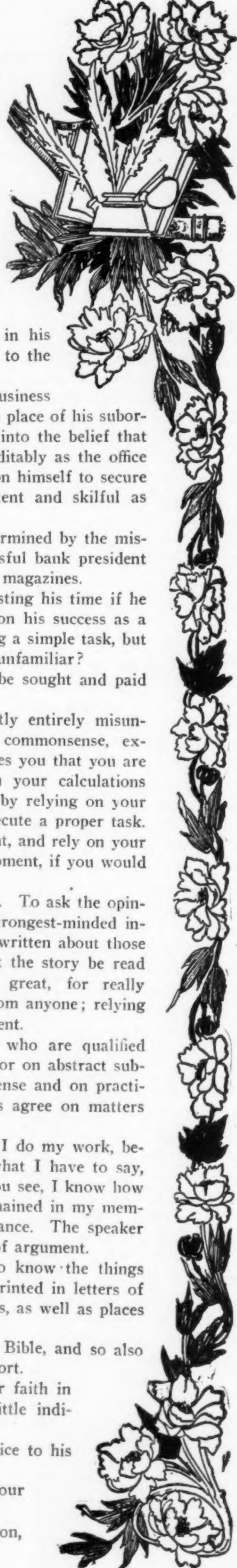
"Faith without works is dead," says the Bible, and so also is it useless to rely on yourself without effort.

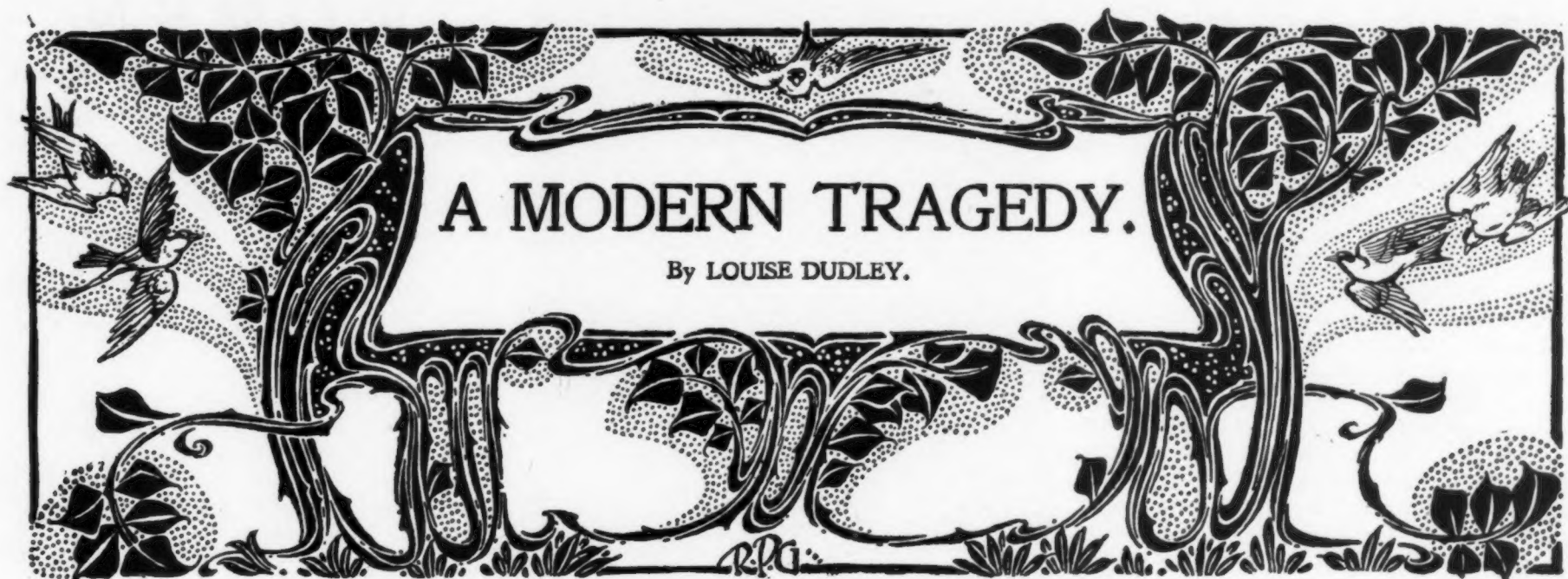
Religious persons are apt to put all their faith in God, and refuse to assist matters by a little individual effort.

Oliver Cromwell gave the following advice to his soldiers on the eve of battle:

"Put your trust in Providence, but keep your powder dry."

Study human nature, practice determination, and rely upon yourself!





"IT'S really too much," said Miss Gwendolen Halliday to the shopkeeper, who did himself the honor of serving in person the celebrated fiancée of the richest man in America, "but," she continued, "you may send it," as, with a half-regretful sigh she tripped out to her automobile, and murmuring "Home, James," was soon whirling up Fifth Avenue.

The Hallidays were not very rich; the General had only his pay, and Mrs. Halliday's private fortune was sorely taxed in providing sufficient wardrobes for her three debutante daughters, besides supplying the boys, one at Harvard and one at West Point, with suitable allowances.

Belonging as they did to the very highest social set, and having the entree everywhere, to keep up appearances was a fearful strain.

Gwendolen's engagement came like a godsend. The happiest part of it all was that it was a real love match and the entire family shared in the eldest girl's delight.

Mr. Robert Fordman was a well set up, clean shaven, superbly groomed fellow, who stood six feet two in his stocking feet, and whose unfailing good nature, cheery disposition and utter freedom from affectation of any kind had won him the title of "Square" at Yale, and he was still called "Square Fordman" by all his friends, who numbered legion.

His engagement to Gwendolen occurred about a year before, when he was a still a struggling young architect, with barely sufficient income from his mother's estate to marry, but the young people were at an age where visionary sacrifices were an easy matter for both in theory, since neither had ever been practically tested in making sacrifices of a material nature.

During this time a great piece of good fortune occurred. "Square's" grandfather died in Australia and he inherited \$10,000,000.

The good luck seemed almost too great to be true, but like many facts, stranger than fiction, he found himself the recipient of the actual cash and securities inside of thirty days, as had been arranged in his grandfather's will. This extraordinary rapidity in the process of the law was much commented upon by the daily papers.

These had been months of intense excitement for the young people. The wealth gave them added responsibilities, and instead of an apartment in Harlem, the very mention of which months ago had thrown the Halliday family into paroxysms of revolt, a superb town house was purchased; and a veritable palace at Irvington-on-the-Hudson was being planned.

Only two weeks now remained before the wedding, and Gwendolen had been out doing the last

of the shopping for her trousseau on the morning when she spied a wonderful samovar in a quaint shop where antiques were sold, and she could not resist stopping her machine to run in to examine it more closely. It proved disappointing, and she was leaving the shop when she noticed a curious dagger of Moorish design in antique silver. The blade of Damascus steel was as flexible and graceful as could be imagined, and it struck her fancy at once as being the most beautiful thing of the kind she had ever seen.

Mr. Schmidt, the cosmopolitan curio collector, insisted on relating the story connected with the dagger.

In 1503 a beautiful Spanish girl fell in love with a grandee far above her in social station. On a dark night her lover stole her away, and, fleeing to the house of a Catholic priest, they were married. Unfortunately, through some accident, the parents of the girl, learning of her escape, had followed, and reached the house just as the married pair were leaving. Taking the girl by force from her husband, they forced her to be confined in a dark dungeon, feeding her only on bread and water.

The real reason of this cruel treatment lay in the objection sustained by the noble parents of the youth, who threatened the parents of the bride, who was of humble origin, with death as a punishment if the bride was ever allowed to see her husband again.

During these months of punishment she grew ill and weak and prayed nightly to the Blessed Virgin to intercede with God for her death.

One night she heard a slight scratching at the window of her cell-like prison, and presently this dagger was slipped under the bolted door, with a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Let us die together for the love we bear each other."

The unhappy girl never doubted that her dearly beloved husband had sent it, and resolving to be not a shade less courageous than he, she knelt on the cold marble, and after murmuring an "Ave Maria" or two, plunged the sharp blade in her heart and died instantly. When the young bridegroom heard of this awful crime, perpetrated in the name of the pure love they bore each other, he immediately procured a poisoned draught and killed himself.

"Such," continued Mr. Schmidt, "is the history of the dagger. It is supposed to have been used by many persons who died through some love trouble."

Gwendolen felt such a strange longing to possess the romantic weapon that she felt a force urging her to make it her own too strong to re-

sist, so she decided to have it sent home, thinking how much pleasure she would have in showing her treasure to "Square," who always showed great appreciation and pleasure in anything she selected.

As she hurried into the house the only inharmonious thought which troubled her was the price of her treasure, \$1,500, but she dismissed the thought with a laugh and resolved not to mention it to her mother.

In a few days such considerations would be necessary no longer, as Mrs. Fordman's money need not be considered.

In the twilight, when they at last found themselves alone, she told "Square" of her purchase, and as he examined the strange antique, she told him the romantic story of the Spanish girl who died to end her sufferings. "By Jove," said Mr. Fordman, "here are drops of dried blood," and there, on the carved silver, were brownish stains. They examined it carefully, and Gwendolen, feeling rather solemn, put her hand in his, and earnestly said, "If I ever believe you no longer love me, I shall do as the Spanish girl did."

"Square" took her in his arms, and folding her close, said, quietly and earnestly: "If you ever do, I agree to let you choose this as an end, but you shall always be certain of my love, sweetheart," (tenderly) "how cold you are!"

And somehow the happiness of the evening had vanished and both felt constrained; and as if a shadow of pain had crept into their hearts. The evening seemed long and they parted quite sadly.

Early the next morning "Square" called to take his fiancée for a spin in a new Panhard he had just received from France, and Gwendolen surprised him by looking a little pale.

"I did not sleep; I was thinking of the dagger."

"Nonsense," replied "Square"; "if you are going to let it get on your nerves I am going to take it away."

A few hours in the sunshine dispelled all those morbid thoughts and when the young people returned from luncheon they were like two happy children, innocent, care-free, and joyous.

Two weeks can slip by very quickly, as did these eventful ones before the wedding.

The last day seemed like a dream to the bride, a kaleidoscope of gifts, friends, flowers, bridesmaids, the rehearsal in the church, trying on gowns, and at last the hour vivid in a woman's memory until the day of her death, when she stood before the long mirror in her dressing table and saw herself, tall, slender, robed in her bridal frock, the long veil covering her face; one mo-

(Continued on page 17.)

MEN AND

DR. CARLETON SIMON is an eminent alienist, writer, lecturer and an active researcher in the realms of psychic lore.

Few men combine the love of science with such pronounced views on educational matters, with the ability to attend a large number of patients, as does Dr. Simon.

Physically he is tall, with well-developed muscles and a striking face.

Combined with a characteristic sternness, there is a note of humanity about this skilled surgeon that endears him very much to the hearts of his friends.

Few men with such wide experience with human nature can boast of so charitable a mind, so pure a spirit of helpfulness, and the desire to hold out a helping hand to others less fortunate. He has a singular faculty of always finding time to utter a helpful word, to do a little act of kindness, or to assist some struggling human being to renewed belief in himself.

Dr. Simon has written much on educational matters, and while still a young man, he is considered an authority on the nervous diseases so prevalent in America. It was he who jocosely referred, in a recent address delivered to the Hundred Years Club, at the Majestic Hotel, while he was President, to the prevalence of a new, strange disease called "Newyorkitis."

"It is the result of the noise and nervous strain of the strenuous life," he said.

In a new book just ready to go to press, Dr. Simon has written at length about the development of mental attributes in the young, in

connection with athletic sports, one to be a factor in devolving the most good in the other.

Dr. Simon, though a ready, terse, concise writer, is a hard worker also, and in no way must it be understood that the voluminous products of his pen are hastily written; on the contrary, he usually corrects from seven to ten proofs of everything that goes to the printers before he allows an article to go to press.

For some years Dr. Simon has devoted his attention to diseases of the nerves, and is gradually dropping out of receiving general practice. He believes he is

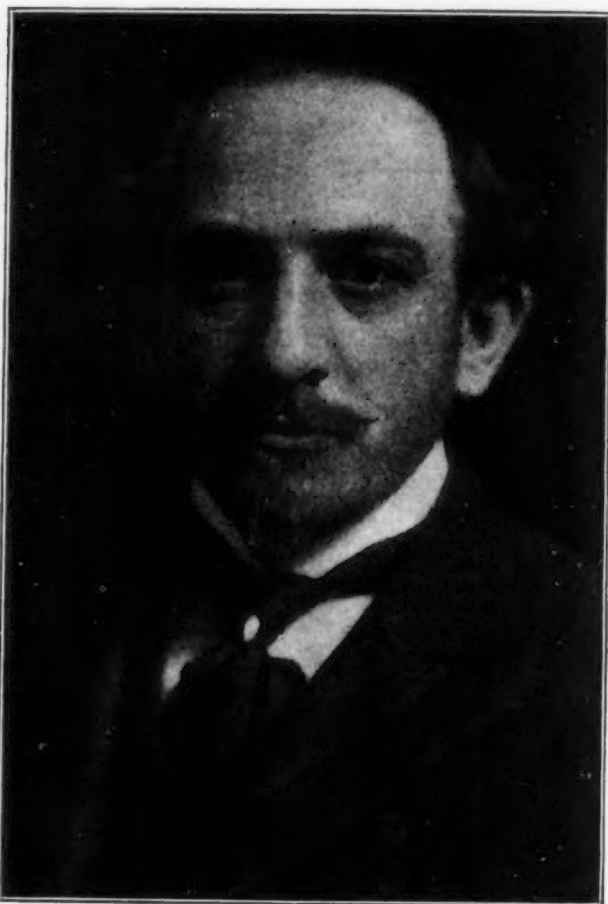
accomplishing greater good to a greater number by concentrating all his efforts on those who really are among the greatest sufferers and yet who receive the least sympathy, for, as Dr. Simon quite solemnly declares, "You cannot show your nerves, in a plea for sympathy."

Miss Miriam Grant is the young and gifted daughter of Mr. Ulysses Grant, and one of the granddaughters of the famous General Ulysses S. Grant.

Three years ago she made her debut, and she has been a very great social favorite everywhere.

She resembles in stature and physique her cousin, the Princess Cantacuzene, who is one of the few beautiful American girls who have contracted happy marriages with foreigners.

Miss Grant visited her aunt, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, at her



DR. CARLETON SIMON.



MISS MIRIAM GRANT.

WOMEN

Washington, D. C., home, and made many friends through her delightful manners.

She is an old-fashioned "really, truly" girl, loving her home and clinging to fluffy chiffons and elaborate toilettes, instead of rigid tailored garments, which she considers unwomanly and unbecoming, especially to her own particular style. She is an ashen blonde, with pale-blue eyes and a very distinguished air.

* * *

Princess Brancaccio, to whom the Queen of Italy recently paid a visit, is one of the best-known Americans abroad.

She was a Miss Field, and she and her sister, the Princess Talleyrand, are two of the richest women in Rome, among the fashionable Americans who take prominent part in the cosmopolitan society.

A young widow, rich and exceedingly attractive, she has had many suitors during her residence abroad.

She is tall, quite slender, and with glorious bronze-colored hair, brilliant eyes and dark coloring.

She usually dresses in black, and she is a noticeable figure in Rome and Paris, where she spends most of her time.

Like many another American living abroad, the Princess Brancaccio has a fad. It is the cultivation of the Italian peasant. With this end in view she has established a school for the teaching of tapestry-weaving, and although this has only been established for five years, she has met with remarkable success.

The school accommodates one hundred pupils and is a novel industrial and social experiment as well as an educational idea.

Princess Brancaccio devotes her personal attention to the school and interests herself personally in the girls; she makes them feel she is a friend indeed, and it is said that they love her devotedly.

Some beautiful tapestries have been completed, and the Princess now wishes to add a new department, that of book-binding and illumination. This idea had birth in a recent visit to England, when the Princess took immense pleasure in watching the educational movement at the Kelmscott Press.

The Italian peasants are notoriously badly educated, illiterate and poverty stricken, and the community where this experiment is being made is ripe for improvement.

The Princess Brancaccio is a remarkable combination of a thoroughly womanly woman, fond of pretty clothes and a social life, yet with that she combines a truly Christian charity and a staunch loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church.

She has a gorgeous collection of jewels. Her pearls and sapphires are considered among the most valuable ones in Europe, barring those of royal women and Mrs. Clarence Mackay.

The much talked about tiara is composed of pearls, set in platinum, and large, carefully chosen diamonds of huge size. On her bronzed hair the effect is striking.

"THE KNICKERBOCKER GIRL."



PRINCESS BRANCACCIO.

"A FOOL OF A MAN."

By AMELIA WEED HOLBROOK.

I MET him one morning, in the fall of '98. I was in a drawing-room car of the train known on the Pennsylvania Railroad as "No. 9," waiting for it to pull out of the station. I had been called to Chicago in consultation, and having accomplished my errand, was anxious to get home again. The whistle had sounded, the bell had rung, and the train was slowly moving, when suddenly a chorus of laughter and jeers broke on the clear, morning air. This was immediately followed by the clapping of hands, and the shrill voice of a newsboy crying, in a most derisive tone, "Go it, Long-legs! Go it!"

I dropped my newspaper and hastened out upon the rear platform to discover what all the hubbub and fun was about. The conductor was already there and intently watching a belated passenger who was plunging down the track after the now rapidly moving train, evidently resolved on overtaking and boarding it. Everybody, in fact, was watching the man. He was a tall, well-built young man of twenty-eight summers, and his long legs were flying over the ground at a marvelous rate. He wore a high silk hat, worked his arms like two propelling wings, and his coat tails stood straight out behind, as on he came, indifferent alike to scoffs or danger, until he actually came alongside the platform where we stood. Then he gave a light spring, caught the iron rail with one hand, lifted his long legs from the ground, and there hung, as if too exhausted to make further effort.

"Fool of a man!" roared the conductor, as he suddenly remembered an open trestle bridge, a few rods down the road, and realized that in that position no human strength could endure such a test of strength, "You'll be killed! Let go! Good God! Are you mad? An open trestle! Just ahead! Don't you hear? Let go! Let go!" But his words made not the slightest impression. In response to a quick nod of the head, I reached up and gave the bell a jerk. Every instant seemed an hour. Would the engineer never understand? Would he never slacken speed? The conductor, with all his might, was trying to unlock the man's clutch. In vain! His fingers were like so many iron bolts!

An involuntary groan went up from every spectator as, with bated breath and a horrible fascination, they stood watching, expecting every moment to see a mangled mass of flesh and bones. But suddenly, with the skill and agility of one accustomed to such performances, the fellow swung his body round, found a landing for one of his feet, drew the other after it, and stood in sight of all, panting, to be sure, but safe and sound.

A tumultuous cheer rent the air. Women shed hysterical tears; boys and men tossed their hats in the air and yelled at the top of their lungs, "Bravo! Bravo!"

For a moment the object of all the excitement and applause stood wiping the perspiration from his brow and neck as unconcerned as if nothing extraordinary or unusual had occurred. In a voice trembling with emotion the kind-hearted conductor proffered his congratulations, but without response, nor deigning to notice my outstretched hand, he ascended the steps of the platform, brushed past us, and silently entered the car.

A few moments later, when I went inside, I found a sort of a stampede going on. The passengers who sat near the sofa where the man had dropped were moving themselves and their belongings to the extreme end of the car or leaving it altogether. Unconscious of observation or the least offense, the newcomer was staring vacantly out of the car window, talking to himself in a low tone. His fingers twitched nervously, and the veins in his forehead and temples stood out like great whip-cords.

He had removed his hat, and it was beside him on the sofa. In the crown was a new pair of kid gloves, which had never been tried on. From his coat pocket a brand new handkerchief with an embroidered initial protruded in such a manner as to suggest ornament rather than actual service. All his clothing appeared to be of the finest quality and latest and most fashionable cut, though his hands were unusually large and coarse, and showed unmistakable signs of hard toil.

"Be careful!" cautioned a well-disposed traveler, touching my shoulder and surreptitiously tapping his own forehead as he spoke. "He may not be safe!"

The fellow was deranged. It needed no "Specialist in Nervous Diseases" to tell that at a glance. Here was something right in my line. A problem for to work out. Of course I was interested!

It required the united efforts of conductor, porter and several passengers to make the unfortunate one understand that if he had no railroad ticket he must pay his fare. "Understand," did I say? He did not understand! He could not be made to comprehend in the least. After persistent effort, however, in a dazed sort of fashion he drew from his trouser pocket an enormous roll of crisp bank notes of large denomination, and extracting one, without so much as a glance to note its value, handed it out, with a look that seemed to inquire if *that* was what was wanted?

When the required amount of the entire journey was subtracted and the remainder handed back, he placed what was given without a look in his pocket, and seemed greatly relieved to find the transaction was over. Where he had come from or where he was bound could not be discovered.

Who was this man? He was not accustomed to wealth, as any close observer could tell. Where had he got hold of so large an amount of money, and what had produced this pitiful condition of mind? Had he been guilty of a crime? Had he committed a robbery? Was he fleeing now from justice? Had he purchased this expensive outfit with his ill-gotten gains, been overtaken by the fear of detection, and his reason yielded to the strain?

These were a few of the questions which crowded through my mind as, from a mass of incoherent babble, I endeavored to catch something which might serve as a clue to unravel the mystery.

As I watched him my heart melted with pity. Whatever his crime—for by this time I had fully made up my mind he was a criminal and fleeing from justice—whatever his crime, I repeat, I was sorry for him. He was a fellow-man, a brother, in distress, and I would do what I could to relieve his sufferings. At my request the porter brought a pillow and a large chunk of ice. I set the pillow with the ice conveniently near, and placing the pillow on the seat the patient occupied, I quietly took one of his hands in mine. He

turned quickly from the window and stared at me for several seconds with wide-open, vacant eyes. "What do you want to do?" I asked, in the coaxing, tender tone one uses when talking to a little child, for I had managed to disentangle a sentence. "I wish I could! I wish I could!" which he repeated in a low tone over and over, as if reciting. "I wish I could! I wish I could!"

"Could what?" I urged. But there was no response. The words were repeated, at certain intervals, and the stare continued.

"Lie down and go to sleep! That's a good boy!" I murmured, tenderly, "That's a good boy!" and as I spoke I drew him gently down upon the pillow, lifted his feet from the floor, and covered him with my overcoat. "There! That's a good boy, go—to—sleep! Good boy, good boy, go—to—sleep!" I said, patting his shoulder soothingly.

All at once a ray of intelligence flitted across his face. There was a little quiver of the under lip. My sympathy had touched a tender chord, and by the trembling of the eyelids I saw he had understood my words and was making a brave effort to do my bidding. This was indeed an encouraging symptom.

Placing a small piece of ice in the middle of my handkerchief, I passed it slowly over his burning forehead and temples; now, and then I bathed his hands. My! how hot and hard and horny they were! I had never seen such hands.

Gradually his fingers ceased to twitch, and his long, deep inhalations told me he was sleeping. I continued the applications of ice for several

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"MRS. Doré Lyon! Mrs. Doré Lyon!" These were the euphonious words that kept ringing in my ears as I hastened to heed this much talked about lady in her editorial sanctum.

Everyone is familiar with the picture of Mrs. Lyon, famous singer, writer, club woman, society leader and editor, as she appears in the photograph reproduced on this page, but few can appreciate how much younger, infinitely prettier and more attractive the real Mrs. Lyon is than her photographs.

I asked her to tell me all about herself, and timidly ventured to beg her to give me just what her views were on marriage, for all the world of club women have wondered how this charming widow, brilliant, keen, and at the age when most of the famous women of history have known love in its brightest and best sense, should have resisted the opportunities which occur to all widows of marrying again, especially to a woman of Mrs. Lyon's rare qualities of mind and heart.

"I believe women should marry for love; not the sentimentally idealized love of early youth, when a girl's emotions are in a state to idealize the object of her infatuation. What I mean is the real love of intelligence, discriminating, exacting, which comes to a woman of mature years when she finds her ideals fulfilled and embodied in stern reality."

As I listened to these words, I marvelled that this titian-haired woman who laughingly owns to more than thirty-five years, but whose flashing eyes and transparent skin, which dimples and flushes deeply as she talks, should not have loved and been won during the eight years of her widowhood. Surely such a woman must have a strong capability for loving!

But as Mrs. Lyon continued I understood.

"When I was a little girl I loved to write, and while nothing has been published of my early work, I have stacks of stories at home."

(A fever of acquisition began to burn in my heart, but I dared not interrupt.)

"Music also attracted me, and I was told that my voice contained great possibilities. Fired to a music-mad enthusiasm, I studied until my vocal chords were strained and I was compelled to give up my studies. And then," here a beautiful flush overspread Mrs. Lyon's smooth, lineless cheeks, deep over her snowy throat, "then I met Mr. Lyon, fell in love, and married. Literature and music were far out of my life; for, like all happy people, my happiness absorbed me and plunged me into a state of inertia. Then my little daughter was born, and she absorbed most of my time for several years."

"Shortly after that Mr. Lyon's health failed, and as he was at that time involved in extensive building operations, I was compelled to become a business woman."

"That, of course, again made literature a secondary interest in my life."

"I was at that time made the guardian of my six younger brothers and sisters."

"With my invalid husband, the brothers and sisters, I moved up to our country home on the Hudson, near Saratoga, a semi-farm, which has been in possession of my family for thirty years."

"Naturally, I came to New York frequently, and as a matter of diversion it occurred to me to organize a literary club. With eight schoolmates, a club, called the 'Philosophia,' was formed. Later I became president and so remained chief officer until my husband's death, when I resigned. Then the club slept."

We both smiled. "What a delightful expression!" I could not help saying. It was so true!

"The following year I became a member of the 'Eclectic,' and in six months I was elected president. Pretty rapid rise—was it not?"

"Won't you tell me about your very own little club and where you and the other members were at school together?"

"A convent, Manhattanville, New York."

"Many convent girls achieve careers in the big, wide world, do they not?" I said.

MRS. DORÉ LYON

Club-woman, novelist, home loving mother and magazine editor.

"A truly remarkable personality."



"Whether or not the advanced educational theories help a woman to win out in the real world is a query," continued Mrs. Lyon. "I am expecting my daughter Grace any moment and I want you to meet her."

Just at that moment a shadow appeared in the doorway, and a big, rosy cheeked, buxom girl came in.

"I am being interviewed," said Mrs. Lyon, and she smiled so sweetly and shyly that I felt a very bold and intrusive person, indeed, for club woman and editor had flown: here was another, an indulgent, loving mother, who had been caught red-handed, with her weakness laid bare to my scrutiny. It was her daughter Grace!

The mother said: "You must see my little girl's poem," and, handing me the proof, I could see she was awfully anxious to hear some words of praise for her daughter's maiden effort, a really beautifully sentimental little sonnet.

This big daughter, who is twenty, rather spoiled the picture. Knowing of all Mrs. Lyon has accomplished, I was delighted to find her a graceful, sweet woman, in a fluffy black gown, and wearing some beautiful rings, altogether the woman of society, but this strong, warm, maternal love was another story, showing such a well-rounded maternal side of her character, and rather bewildered me. So many surprises!

"Grace does not care for society at all. She made her debut several seasons ago, and I wanted her to be interested in dresses and dances, but she was fearfully bored, and used to say she saw no fun in waltzing about with six or seven men for whom you cared nothing in a single evening. She loves to read and to be with me," said the maternal Mrs. Lyon.

Pretty Miss Grace was teasing her mamma to keep an engagement in the evening. Mamma, with a desk covered with proofs to be read, remonstrated, and they at last compromised by the daughter agreeing to telephone later on.

Alone once more, I persuaded the world's Mrs. Lyon to tell me more about herself.

How could I say, sweet and lovely and bright though your daughter is, the public clamors for you, you, you?

"And how did you decide to go in for work like writing novels and editing magazines?"

"After a few years of strenuous club life, I realized that all my work led to nothing; so a year ago when I came to town twice a week to superintend some business affairs, I commenced to write my novel, 'Prudence Pratt.'"

"Curious to relate, I never do my work at home. You see I am surrounded by young people, who bring so many friends to our home that I am never alone, even in my bed chamber."

"Every Sunday night we have musicales. At high tea I entertain perhaps a dozen, then we have music, good music, for all our friends who may drop in."

"I've been told you do wonderful things with the chafing-dish?"

"I do indeed," laughingly said Mrs. Lyon, the housewife this time.

"There are many dishes I can make," and for the first time during our chat a proud, all-conquering look of conscious mastery came into her mobile face.

Those who believe that to be successful in a career a woman must put behind her "the world, the flesh, and the devil," taboo chiffons and the smiling air of serenity, that separates the woman of affairs from she who lives only to amuse herself, would receive a liberal education in meeting Mrs. Doré Lyon.

An erroneous idea is extant that only the woman who knows nothing is the immaculate mother and wife; is there not a movement in view that will reverse the order of things, making the woman who knows all the true exponent of womanly purity?

Mrs. Lyon stands out to-day as a remarkable personality, versatile, capable, strong; yet sweet, womanly, dainty, with the colossal weakness—the strong, passionate, worshipful maternal love—for her daughter Grace.

"THE FLIPPINJAY."

"A FOOL OF A MAN."

(Continued from page 11.)

hours while my patient slept on like a tired child. Little by little his pulse became more normal and there was a marked improvement in his general condition. His hands and brow became moist with perspiration, and his breathing was more and more natural. The deep voice of the dining-room porter announcing dinner roused the sleeper. He raised himself on his elbow, stared around in blank amazement for a moment, as if trying to collect his scattered wits, but, giving up the task as altogether too hard for him to solve, he quickly curled down again, and went off to sleep.

It was long after dark when he next awoke; this time clothed in his right mind. He seized my two hands in his great paws and gave them a squeeze I can feel even now.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you?" he began, with a quiver in his voice which showed his deep gratitude. "How can I ever thank you? It was just what I needed. I haven't been able to sleep for days. The pain's all gone—from here!" and he touched the base of his brain. "All gone! I haven't been free from that nasty pain for weeks! I haven't slept nor taken food. I couldn't chew, nor swallow! Oh, how can I thank you? I'm like a new man! The ice! It felt so good! And the sleep—was what I needed most," and he gave my hands another grip that fairly made me cringe.

"Oh, that's all right," I answered lightly, trying to nurse my hands on the sly. "That's all right! I'm glad you're feeling better!"

"Here! Take this!" he said, thrusting a hundred dollar greenback in my palm, "and it's little enough for what you've done for me!"

I wanted none of that money, and hastened to return it. He must have read my thoughts, for a flush of anger and resentment overspread his bronzed features. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I'm no thief!"

There was righteous indignation in his tone and an honest ring, and I was truly ashamed of my suspicions, and hastened to explain that, as I had volunteered my services, I could not and would not accept any compensation. I could see the man was wounded to the very core, and it required all my tact to heal the hurt. "But, come!" I continued, after an elaborate explanation, "Come, my friend! If you really want to please me, tell me your story (for I know you must have one), and we'll call it square!"

A sudden sadness overspread the face of my companion, and I thought I saw him shiver. "Please don't ask me to tell my story!" he answered, after a moment's silence. "I'd rather give you five hundred dollars. Is money no object to you?" he eagerly asked, making as he spoke a dive for his roll of money.

"It evidently is not to you," I retorted, before I knew what I was saying. "You need not trouble yourself. I'm well repaid for the small service I have rendered."

"All right! I'll tell my story!" he replied, with sadness in every line of his face. "I must do something, for all you've done for me! But—it's the story of a coward. No man likes another man to know he's small and mean. Don't say a word!" and the fellow raised his hand to command silence, as I began to speak. "Don't say another word! I'm going to tell it now if—it kills me! Maybe it will help the time to pass more quickly, and keep my mind from dwelling on what can't be helped."

"As you see, I'm strongly put together," he began, extending a brawny arm in evidence of his words, "and I'm not afraid of work and never was. My parents died when I was very young, and I can't recall the time when I didn't earn my own bread. I began by sweeping out the freight office and running errands for the men. I was such a bit of a kid the men named me 'Good boy.' When you used that old name it brought back the days when I was young and innocent."

"I didn't smoke nor drink, and saved a little money every month and went to night school, and gradually I worked up till I had the confidence of my employers and a good place in the baggage car. When twenty-five or so, I'd saved enough to keep a wife, so I asked a little girl I knew if she'd marry me. Katchen was her name, and as pretty as they come, too. She laughed right out, and said she would 'with pleasure.' You see, we'd been keepin' company for goin' on a year, and I was middlin' sure how Katchen felt afore I asked. I reckon most men 'are before they pop the question. Anyway, I was, for I'd boarded with her married sister, along with some other fellows from the yard and road, and met her every day, and Katchen wa'n't the one to put on airs nor keep her feelin's hid. Katchen's a German, and Germans are that way, you know. She didn't mind a bit of love-makin' before folks! Not she. Sometimes I almost wished she wasn't quite so ready before the boys. They guyed us a lot, 'count of bein' so willin' to own up to each other, but we were both so happy we didn't mind if folks did have their fun. Leastways, Katchen didn't."

"You see, I'd never known what it was to have a home, and to think of having a little place of my own, and a wife, like Katchen, to stand at the door when I came home nights, tired and hungry, from my work, and have her throw her arms round my neck and kiss me and say, 'Is that you, Charlie-boy?' was heaven itself."

"The car tracks run along at the rear of her house, and she knew to a minute when my train was due, and there she'd be, at the back gate, as

smilin' as a basket of chips, and there she'd stand, smilin' and throwin' kisses, till the train was clean out o' sight."

"The brakeman used ter vow he caught every one of them 'isses on the fly, but Katchen didn't mind his chaff. She was used to it, 'ein' a favorite with all the men who boarded at the house, 'count of her light-hearted, pleasant, pretty ways."

"We meant to go to housekeepin' at once, and had a dandy little place engaged, and took a deal of comfort pickin' out the things folks have to have. Every night, when I was through my work, I'd tidy up a bit, and we'd go huntin' for good bargains. I wanted to buy a pianoforte the worst kind o' way, but Katchen thought 'twas foolish, as neither her nor me could play. She said 'twould be far more sensible to have money in the bank in case of sickness, which might come, or for the children's clothes or schoolin', don't you know, and I suppose it was. Lord! how it did tickle me to hear my girl a-tryin' to save my hard-earned dollars! There never was another girl like Katchen for thinking of things."

"At last, everything was ready, even to the barrel of flour, and a maltese cat. We was goin' to be married the very next day, and go to Coney Island on a wedding trip for one whole week. I wanted to go to Washington, or Saratoga, or the Falls, places, you know, with some sound and some style to 'em, but my little girl thought I was too tone-y altogether for a husband just beginnin'. She said it wouldn't cost half the money to go to Coney Island as it would to one of them fine places, and as we had passes to New York and back, we could save a lot for the parlor carpet purchase, and, after all, what did it matter where we went, so long as we was together; one place was good as t'other, and why not choose the place that cost the least and save the money? And sure enough! Why not?"

"The boys took a lively interest in our plans; one of 'em presented Katchen with a wash boiler and another give her a gridiron. He told her 'twas to 'hit her old man with, when he didn't behave himself.' They gave me what they called a 'bachelor supper,' and I left my girl exactly at eleven, not expecting to see her again till I called next day to take her to the church, and I went down town to have a night of it with the fellows."

"They were all there when I arrived, even little Joyce. I say 'even little Joyce,' because, you see, him and me were not on speakin' terms. Instead of takin' his dose like a man, when Katchen told him she liked me the most and meant to marry only me, he caught her in his arms and kissed her on the lips. You may be sure he'd got a whack from Katchen when her hands were free, and later he'd had a tongue lashin' from 'yours truly.' Naturally I was surprised to see the little snipe. But then it sort of softens a man's heart to be happy, and when he offered his hand and said he wanted by-gones to be by-gones, why, I was more than ready."

"There were lots of rare good things to eat and drink, and jokes and stories told, and funny speeches from the boys, and so many kind words for me and mine, I was feeling as if I owned the earth, when up jumps little Joyce and proposes Katchen's health."

"I was taken aback by his insolence. Now I understood! He was there to get even with me! To throw mud on a pure woman. I could not speak nor move a muscle. My blood rose to fever heat. My breath came and went in little gasps. There were cries of 'Shame! Shame!' and hisses. As he finished speaking, my senses came to me. I sprang across the room, grabbed him firmly by the collar, and raising him in midair, my knuckles hard upon

his windpipe, I shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. 'Liar!' I hissed, between my teeth. 'You deserve to die. I mean to kill you!' What else I said I do not know, but I flung him down with the fury of a madman. His head struck the corner of the table. He dropped, limp and lifeless, and laid all in a heap upon the floor."

"I had forgotten I was very strong, and little Joyce under-sized and but a weakling at the best."

"The boys went to him when they saw he did not move; they loosened his collar, then carefully lifted him and placed him on a sofa. Then they chafed his hands, fanned him, and poured stimulants down his throat, but all to no purpose. A death-like silence settled down on the company. Everyone suspected he was gone before it flashed upon me. Burnet Cox took out his pocket mirror and held it before Joyce's mouth, but there was no moisture on the glass—not a bit!"

"'Are you sure he is—dead?' I asked, in a voice I did not recognize as my own, 'quite sure'."

"No one answered a word. Could it be that I had killed a man? I could not believe it. I thought of the morrow, which was to have been crowded so full of joy; I thought of my little girlie waiting there at home for me to come; of all the sorrow and the wretchedness I had brought into her life, and it seemed as if my heart would break with its load of misery. Visions of a cell and gallows passed before my eyes."

"'God help me!' I cried in a sudden burst of agony, and with a bound I was through the door and out in the street."

"For a few moments I ran wildly down one street and up another, not knowing, not caring, where I went. I dodged round corners, hid behind trees, dashed down and through dark alleys, aye, anywhere that would furnish a shadow. Then I paused in my mad flight and tried to think, tried to make some plan. If I could manage to board an out-going train I might

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❖ STAGE CHAT ❖

THE London company which will support Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in "The Light That Failed," during their American tour under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger, will be headed by the following players: Aubrey Smith, Ian Robertson, George Sumner, Guy Lane, Cecil Kennard, Leon Quartermain, Frank Bickley, Herbert Beaumont, Arthur Harrold, Ernest Gosham, George M. Graham, Shad Frost, and the Misses Minnie Griffin, Aimee De Burgh, Auriol Lee, Ruth Berkeley, Georgette Serville, Josephine Harker and Lily Price.

"Vivian's Papas," a roilingly funny farce-comedy by Leo Dietrichstein, has scored a success at the Garrick Theatre. Miss Hattie Williams, as the naughty Mrs. Rodgers, a divorcee whose innocent escapades cause no end of complications, which, however, terminate happily, has really the best part in the play, although Rice and Wise are the real stars, and Miss Williams is only the leading lady.

This is her first experience in the legitimate, but nevertheless the hit she has made was absolute, as anyone can testify who has witnessed the performance, where the audience fairly howl with laughter at the end of the second act.

Nelson W. Page, the composer who wrote the music rendered in the presentation of the Chinese play, "The Cat and the Cherub," and Mrs. Pat Campbell's Japanese play, "Alme. Chrysanthemum," presented in London, has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger to compose the music for their coming production of "A Japanese Nightingale," to be staged at Daly's Theatre, in New York in December.

Miss Julia Marlowe is going to play her usually early fall engagement at the Criterion Theatre in a new play by Mr. Paul Kester.

Klaw & Erlanger have brought from Berlin, Germany, four remarkable experts who will have charge of the advance preparations for the Grigolatis flying ballet to appear in their production of the Drury Lane spectacle, "Mr. Blue Beard." The sensation of this feature is the flight of the premiere from the footlights over the heads of the audience to the upper balcony and return, scattering natural flowers. Very careful and painstaking preparations are necessary for this act, requiring at least two weeks' time in advance of the coming of the company. This feat was the talk of New York last season.



HATTIE WILLIAMS.

Her leading man is a handsome young English matinee idol, Mr. Paul Arthur.

The New Amsterdam Theatre will open in October, with N. C. Goodwin in this firm's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as the initial attraction. This piece will be staged most elaborately. In one effect alone more than 5,000 incandescent electric lamps will be used.

Mr. James T. Powers scored an immense success in his new role in "A Princess of Kensington" at the Broadway Theatre.



SARAH BOYD.

under such peculiarly romantic circumstances.

Miss Boyd had been sent abroad to deliver certain papers to a general in command. Lieutenant Hardin was sent by the Government to capture the papers; while on the way he met Miss Boyd, fell in love with her, and they were married. Later it became known that she was the bearer of the treasured secrets.

As they neared the appointed place of meeting, true to her cause, she threw the papers to the waiting Confederates. But what cared he—the gallant young Lieutenant—for he had won a bride!



MARIE CAHILL.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will appear in her great success, "Du Barry," for several months, and then open at the Belasco in a new historical play, which was written especially to display her marked emotional ability.

Marie Cahill will again star in "Nancy Brown," and thereafter in a new comic opera which is said to fairly scintillate with fun and humor.

The costumes are to be designed by Madame Caroline Seidle.

Miss Sarah Boyd, who is going to star in a play written particularly for her, is a young person with a family history, for her mother was the celebrated Confederate spy, Miss Belle Boyd, who met and married Lieutenant Hardin, of Brooklyn, under

"A FOOL OF A MAN."

(Continued from page 13.)

hide myself in the far West, escape the clutches of the law, before the world knew I was a murderer.

"Hark! The Chicago Express! I recognized the whistle. My heart gave a bound. It was fully an hour late. Five minutes more and another train was due. Every man would be busy with his own affairs. I would risk it. A moment later I entered the baggage-room, apparently unnoticed. Unchallenged, I lifted a trunk to my shoulder, and hurried with it into the baggage-car which stood before the door of the station baggage-room. Once inside, I worked with desperate haste, formed a hollow square, into which I crawled, hauling other trunks around me and over my head, as only a man accustomed to the handling of such truck could do in the same number of minutes and with the same skill.

"The whistle sounded! We were soon under way, and I knew I should not be molested until, at least, Chicago was reached.

"What I endured that night and the next day I shall not attempt to describe. It was hell—on earth!

"At the end of the run, knowing the habits of our men, I watched my chance, and at an opportune moment slipped out unobserved. An hour or so later I was on my way to Duluth, on one of the great lake steamers.

"I was well provided with funds, having drawn a goodish sum for my wedding expenses, besides having a certified check, which had been given me by my Chief, with his good wishes.

"I fell in with a party who were starting for the Klondike, accepted their invitation to join them, and was off for that ice-bound region before the week was out.

"After the usual hardships and mishaps, our little band reached its destination, and we one and all set to work, the rest of them for gold, while I struggled only to forget the horrible nightmare through which I seemed to have just come. But, oh, my friend, it's no easy thing, this trying to forget! I worked until so weary I needs must sleep. I often overtaxed my strength and dropped from sheer exhaustion, and had to be lifted by my comrades and carried to my bunk.

"I took risks no man ever takes who values his life. I feared to speak to anyone, lest, unwittingly, I reveal my name or crime. Days and nights were alike to me. I cared for nothing, hoped for nothing, except that I might be lucky enough to drown, or freeze, perchance die from overwork or exposure. Anything, any way, forsooth, to end my wretched life without adding to my sin.

"I knew nothing whatever of practical or scientific mining, yet, somehow, everything I touched appeared to turn to gold. The miners got to calling me 'The Mascot.' Heavens and earth! It made me sick at heart to hear their fool talk, knowing what I knew.

"Two years dragged along, and one night I was sitting by the cabin fire, feeling awfully glum, for I had had a long, hard spell of sickness, and was getting well, for all the doctor'd said if I didn't mind my p's and q's and take better care of myself, I'd soon be a dead man. I hadn't minded, hadn't cared, yet here I was, in spite of everything, a-gettin' up. Paugh! So much for all the pillmakers and their boasted wisdom!

"My mate had done his best to cheer me up a bit, but I was devilish cross and told him flatfooted to 'shut up!' There we sat, we two, before the little stove, each silent, each busy with his own thoughts. It was too early to turn in, you see, when the door opened and two strangers entered.

"Which of you is—Jones?" demanded one of the intruders, helping himself to a seat as he spoke, and pointing to a soap-box for his comrade's use. "Which of you is—Jones?" he repeated.

"I broke out in a cold sweat. Jones was the name by which I was known in the camp.

"There's the selfsame Indian by the brook,' returned my mate with a good-natured laugh, standing with his arms akimbo, and looking down at me. 'But, I say! You'd better have a care! He's none too sweet-tempered now adays, and if you poke him at the wrong place or moment he may—bite!'

"Unheeding my mate's remark, the man leaned his chin in the palm of one hand, and looking anxiously up into my face, said, 'What do you ask for the Katchen Mine?'

"Yes,' chimed in No. 2, trying his best to appear unconcerned, 'what do you ask for the Katchen Mine?'

"It took me full a moment to rally from the shock I'd had. When I got my voice I told the fellow the Katchen Mine was not in the market.

"Oh, come!' returned the man with an impatient gesture. 'State your figure! Out with it!'

"Not for sale!' I answered sharply. I'm afraid I used an oath. I know my mate burst into a roar, for the man who sat upon the soap-box tumbled over backwards.

"Didn't I warn ye?' he said, trying his best to sober down, and shaking his fist at me, as he muttered, 'You old snappin' turtle.'

"Everything has a price!' continued the stranger, not heeding the interruption. 'Come! What's yours?'

"Yes—what's yours?' echoed No. 2, having adjusted the soap-box to his satisfaction. 'What's your price for that mine?'

"Well, sir, you know how it is when a man's set his mind on havin' a thing, and he can't get it—it keeps a-gettin' more valuable every minit! Them two men kept at me, till I named a price, for one-third interest, in any company which might buy or work that mine, and we closed. They were glad to get it at any price, though I must say they fought well for a bigger slice. I told 'em it was that or none.

"You see, a rich vein had been struck, which ran clean through the Katchen. They wanted something 'dead sure,' and they'd got it!

"When once more out and firm upon my feet, some prospectors (wealthy fellows, too) wanted me to join their party for the luck I'd bring. I told 'em plain as words could talk I knew no more than they, nor half so much, perhaps—I was no expert! They said it didn't matter what I was, they wanted me to go along, and if I would but do so I should

have a slice of everything we found. We were only out a month when we struck it rich. They were more than satisfied, and so was I!

"One of the party was a railroad man, and from my own city, too. Somehow we two got to be sort of chums; one does, you know, when a man is far away from home and meets a man who knows the same places. I could scarcely bear to have him out of my sight. He seemed a part of all I had lost. Time and time again, I was on the verge of telling him all that was in my heart, but mastered the temptation, till one day he asked me what the devil kept me in a land of snow and ice and rocks. 'You're rich!' he said. 'Do you want the whole earth? Why, in heaven's name, don't you go back to God's country?'

"I couldn't help it! A sudden longing for sympathy and tidings from home overcame every other consideration. I told him what I've just told you.

"I had got as far as the supper and little Joyce, when he turned and gave a slap upon my shoulder which sent me flying off the rock upon which we two were sitting, side by side.

"Joyce isn't—dead!' he fairly howled. 'I know the little dolt!'

"For an instant everything turned black before my eyes, my teeth chattered, and I shook as one who has the ague.

"Well, as you may guess, I came away. But, all the way to Dawson, I kept thinking, Katchen might have married, long ago. Two years is a great while for any girl to wait for any man, particularly for one who has not written a line nor made a sign of any sort. By the time Chicago was reached I had convinced myself that it was no use to go on. Katchen would not forgive the wrong I'd done her. She was married, like as not, aye, and likelier, too!

"I watched the train that carried him away, then I slowly dragged myself back to my hotel, a great, big, stone affair on the lake shore, and when once inside my room, and the door securely locked, I threw myself across the bed and sobbed like any baby. I was so desolate! So lonesome! And my hungry heart was so empty! I had a fortune, to be sure, but I knew not what to do, or where to go for rest, or comfort, or a little happiness.

"Every morning I had a new plan. One day it was to go to Mexico, the next, to the Philippines or the ice fields again. I neither ate nor slept. Sometimes I couldn't—think. I decided to enlist. Yes. I would serve my country! I might be fortunate enough to take a bullet intended for some happier man. With this thought in my mind, I hunted up a lawyer, made my will, and placed it in a safe-deposit drawer.

"I told the lawyer if he did not hear from me within a given time he might know that I was dead, and told him what to do, and where he'd find the will. Then I wrote a letter to the one I had wronged, to be sent by him to her. Before many weeks Katchen would know I had loved her, and done what I could to repair the wrong.

"As I entered the Recruiting Office, I suddenly veered around like a weather-cock. Instead of joining the U. S. Army I would go direct to Katchen, and receive my verdict from her lips. I had hardly been myself for days, and fearing I might change again, to make sure I went to the nearest telegraph office and sent this dispatch:

"Katchen, dear love, I'm alive and well! If you forgive me, be at the old place when "No. 9" comes in to-night. If I see you at the gate I'll know you love me still.' And then I signed a name, known only to ourselves.

"The pain in my head almost drove me mad, and my mind was somewhat muddled after that; but, judging from the looks of things, I knew enough to go and buy some decent clothes. I don't remember when I did it though; all that's at all clear is, when I reached the station, No. 9 was pulling out, and I had to run."

My companion ceased to speak and heaved a sigh. I grasped his hand and was about to thank him for his interesting narrative, when he raised his hand in silent remonstrance, and turned away his head to hide the tears upon his sun-burned cheek.

"Don't!" he whispered, after a moment. "Please, don't!" I understood, and gave his hand a warm grasp to convey what was denied in words.

We were now rapidly nearing the end of our journey. The engineer's bell was constantly ringing its warning at the railroad crossings of the streets in one of the suburban towns of Philadelphia. During my companion's recital his attention had been diverted from his trouble, but now he sat peering out into the darkness, his hands on either side of his face, and his whole frame quivering with excitement.

I found myself strangely affected by this man's love-story, and secretly wondering how Katchen would receive her recreant lover, or if it were likely, in the interim of two years she had consoled herself with another. No one can ever be quite sure what a woman will do.

I stationed myself by the window of the next seat, and I, too, peered out in the darkness, my hands on either side of my face, my nose flattened against the pane of glass, and my eyes strained to catch a possible glimpse of somebody's back gate.

Seeing our anxious outlook, the curiosity of two passengers was aroused. "What is it? What is it?" was demanded, in a breath.

I turned toward them to offer an evasive explanation, when a fervent "Thank God" thrilled me through and through. Up went the next window, out went a head and pair of shoulders, and above the roar and clatter and ringing of bells, I heard a shout of gladness.

"Katchen! Katchen, my love! Here! Here, sweetheart! Here I am!" rang out on the evening air.

And I caught sight of a small figure, standing well out from a rear fence, swinging a lighted lantern back and forth with an energy which told its own story.

I'm not ashamed to own there were tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat. "What did that 'fool of a man' do next?"

Why, he bounded to the car-door and was out on the platform in a twinkling. "Don't jump!" I called at the top of my lungs, but I might as well have saved my breath. He was already speeding to Katchen's arms.



SHIRT WAISTS

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, \$1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cts. extra.

(American Waist Album.)

810. Tucked linen waist. Yoke deep on shoulder, tucked sleeve cap. Leg-o'-mutton sleeve, passementerie trimming.

with band of insertion. Tucked sleeve, deep shaped cuff.

812. Linen waist, embroidered yoke, deep shoulder effect, and extending down front in points. Tucked bishop sleeve, shaped cuff.

811. Lawn waist. Pointed drop yoke, finished

813. Waist of lawn or linen, shaped front plait, yoke of lace finished with narrow straps. Two-piece sleeve, upper half tucked at elbow. Lace cuff.

A MODERN TRAGEDY.

(Continued from page 9.)

ment flushed and the next white as the camillas in her bouquet.

Voices of the girl bridesmaids sounded far away to her ears and she felt confused, neither happy nor sad, merely excited.

A hurried drive to the church alone in the brougham with Nanette, her maid, who guarded the train of her marvelous frock of foamy chiffon, on which so much joyful thought had been expended. It was nothing now—she felt numb.

In the vestry, Gwendolen caught a glimpse of several men in frock coats.

How tall they seemed!

Her father kissed her, and she placed her hand on his arm. In another moment a sea of faces surrounded them from every side; the walk down the church aisle seemed to be never ending.

At last she caught sight of "Square," very boyish and pale, with a look she had never before seen.

A moment more and she heard her own voice, loud and clear, pronouncing the responses.

Some one was tearing away her glove, cut even as it had been to facilitate placing the ring on her finger.

It was all over. As she took "Square's" arm, a great flood of tenderness filled her heart. She wanted to cry out to all the crowd of familiar faces, "I am his wife," but somehow she seemed to be stifled.

"Joy sometimes kills, I may be dying," she thought.

As the carriage door was closed, she felt "Square's" arms around her, and, womanlike, she buried her face in his breast and wept. These days had been so full of excitement, and now she was so happy!

The next hours passed in changing her frock and bidding her weeping family "good bye."

After spending a few days in a huge country house "Square" had borrowed from a friend, they sailed on the "Deutschland" for a long trip abroad.

Happiness makes one unmindful of the passing time, and the Fordmans were so ecstatically happy that the days were all too short.

They had been away four months, traveling leisurely about where the fancy of the moment led them.

Mrs. Fordman's beauty attracted much attention, so young, with a waist as round as the stem of a champagne glass, she was a striking picture long to be remembered.

Fordman was so thoroughly manly, so entirely lacking in the obtrusive and unpleasant characteristics that wealth unfortunately develops, he was a favorite everywhere.

More than one person remarked how ideally happy they seemed to be.

One surly old bachelor said, "That seems an argument in favor of marriage," as he looked at the young people.

In London a couple of days after they had registered at Claridge's Mr. Fordman had occasion to go to visit his bankers. He had scarcely left the hotel when a card was sent up. A lady who declined to give her name, there was no use since she was a stranger, desired to see Mrs. Fordman.

"You may send her up," Mrs. Fordman said.

Presently a tall, blonde woman of commanding presence was ushered in.

"It pains me to tell you a fact which is bad for us both. I am Mrs. Fordman. Your husband is also mine, except he married me first, and we have two children."

Gwendolen had turned ashen.

"No, no," she sobbed, "it cannot be."

"If you doubt me, read this," said the stranger,

and she had in her hand a letter addressed in Gwendolen's husband's handwriting.

"One question," said the poor girl, "does he love you still?"

"He is waiting to see me at my house now."

Gwendolen rose and bowed. As the other woman left the room she looked back and laughed shrilly, "Another." And she laughed aloud once more as the door closed behind her.

"Nanette, do not allow me to be disturbed."

Mrs. Fordman sat down in a low seat and buried her white face in her hands.

No thought of doubting the woman's story came to her. An older, more experienced woman would have waited to judge until he at least knew of what he was accused.

Not so Gwendolen.

One thought only filled her mind. She had been deceived. "Square" did not really love her, and she wanted to die.

She rose, and walking over to the toilet table, scattered with so many trinkets, she selected a bottle of violet water and bathed her temples. Womanlike, in a great crisis, she thought only of a trifle for the moment.

With a grim smile, she opened a traveling case and took out the dagger.

"As he desired," she said softly, and in another moment she lay dead, the weapon buried in her heart.

* * * * *

Fordman came in an hour later, and when the half-crazed Nanette told him of the strange woman's visit, he understood it all. Half insane with grief, he questioned everyone about the hotel to confirm his idea, and the remembrance came to him like a flash of a woman who had written him some days ago about some charitable affair to which he had replied, sending a check.

Still failing to surmise half the truth, he wandered about the apartments almost on the verge of suicide.

Following close on the news of the tragedy, set column by column in the daily papers, was the story of the Duchess of Kent, who, having gone insane, was incarcerated. She labored under the delusion she was the wife of a young American, whose bride had killed herself at Claridge's the same day.

* * *

Robert Fordman is known as a cynical atheist, who spends his enormous fortune in railing against religion and preaching the doctrine of Darwin.

He is a striking figure at twenty-nine with a face of bitterness and snow white hair.

"If hearts do not break, they still wither."

•

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

LANDOR, the poet, says in one of his sweet little sonnets: "We are what suns, and winds, and waters make us"; but unfortunately suns will scorch, winds will roughen, and waters will not remove the injurious effects of the other two upon the lovely complexion of the fairer sex. For ages chemists have tried to distil from herbs and minerals an elixir of beauty but they have failed, and it was left to modern times to find a cosmetic which would remove every speck and blemish, and leave a soft and pearly loveliness upon the roughest skin. Gouraud's Oriental Cream does this, and while so perfectly harmless that spring water is not more so, it has a magic influence upon the complexion which cannot be over estimated or believed until realized. To our lady readers we simply say, would you be as lovely as kindly Nature intended? Then use the Oriental Cream.

Also the noted star actress:

"I cordially recommend Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, as it is perfectly harmless."

Sincerely,

LILLIAN HINTON.

"A NEW GIRLS' CLUB."

Novel Means of Earning Money for Our Girls.

When the summer is over, the impulse comes to many a girl to earn a little "pin money."

She may wish for some luxury dear to her girlish heart, which her parents cannot afford, or she may wish to buy tickets for a concert or the theatre, or books, which are just a little beyond her allowance to her.

Or she may be planning for Christmas. In all these things the Pictorial Review can help her. We would like nothing better than that this magazine should have these girls for its personal representatives.

It is a matter of fact that more reading matter suitable for young girls is contained in the Pictorial Review than in any other magazine in existence.

Pictorial Review now has four hundred agents, each earning from twenty-five or thirty dollars a week by selling our magazine.

There are dozens of college girls who earn their pin money from selling our book.

Hundreds of persons would subscribe to Pictorial Review but for the bother and forwarding of the money.

A word from you will do the trick—the benefit will be yours in cash or a premium, and your friends will thank you for recommending what will afford them such pleasure, profit and instruction.

One girl successfully secured two hundred dollars by starting an endless chain among her friends. This was accomplished by starting a chain of ten letters from her desk to a dozen persons, who started the ball rolling and the stream of money was coming in to her, as she sat quietly waiting.

We are proud of the girls who are associated with us and we want you to come closer in touch with us than you are now. Do you not wish to join our ranks?

We can make reciprocity our watchword, and harmoniously working along the same lines of thought and purpose, we shall help each other. Do it now.

Write for particulars to the Subscription Department, the Pictorial Review Co.

* * *

If you are uncertain how to go about obtaining subscriptions try some of the following ways:

Call the attention of your friends to the four pages of children's fashions appearing every month in Pictorial Review. Can you find such beautiful up-to-date styles in any other magazine? Our children's patterns we guarantee to be better than anything else published.

If your friends try home dressing point out to them that Pictorial styles, though simple and easily made, are strictly up-to-date, not months behind the times, but ahead. We tell you how so simply, that it's done while you're wondering how.

Explain that our ten and twenty-five cent patterns are perfect. They cannot be excelled!

For the housewife the home departments are useful, practical, full of good reading as a nut is of meat. Tell the home body this!

Those who like good fiction, fact and meritorious topics of womanly interest will respond to a chat on the excellencies of Pictorial.

A sample copy will clinch the argument if you cannot get subscribers without. A postal brings one!

When you've said Pictorial is the best 10-cent magazine, a copy proves you spoke the truth!



NOVELTIES IN MILITARY STYLES.

Printed paper patterns of above styles—waist \$1.50, skirt \$1.50, whole costume \$2.50.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A476. Military suit of satin cloth or cheviot. Tight-fitting coat, buttoned to one side with gold ball buttons, and cut with deep dip in front. Plain coat sleeve, military collar and cuffs, trimmed with braid and velvet. Skirt with yoke and

panel front effect falling in plaits at bottom. **A477.** Walking suit of homespun. Box coat, 24 to 28 inches long, double breasted, with four pockets. Flat turnover collar in light green cloth. Bishop sleeve. Gored skirt.

A478. Military costume of plain cloth or cheviot. Belted coat, 28 to 30 inches long. Strap fly front. Straps on shoulder, epaulette effect; military collar and cuffs of velvet, trimmed with gold soutache. Seven gored skirt.



SILK WAISTS.

(*American Waist Album.*)

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, \$1.50. Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

838. Plaited silk blouse, cut deep over shoulder, stole effect of lace, fastened in front with velvet bows. Bishop sleeve, trimmed with lace, narrow cuff, high girdle.

839. Fancy tucked silk waist, yoke deep on

shoulder, lace trimming in stole effect. Leg-o'-mutton sleeve, crosswise tucks, deep shaped cuff.

840. Silk blouse, fullness falling in box plaits. Lace yoke, low shoulder effect, finished with straps of insertion. Full bishop sleeve,

cuff and collar of lace, closed in front.

841. Plaited silk blouse, plain yoke, deep over shoulder, box plait in front, trimmed with medallions and straps of narrow insertion. Bishop sleeve.



CHIC EVENING GOWNS.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations—\$1.50 for waist, \$1.50 for skirt.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A459. Cashmere evening gown trimmed with lace ruffles, lace rosettes and velvet ribbon. Blouse waist with shaped yoke, flowing bell sleeve, skirt frilled in at belt.

A458. Evening gown of crêpe de chine, laid in horizontal plaits, vest and bolero effect, edged

with applique lace. Velvet ribbon loops down front. Puffed elbow sleeve. Skirt deep plaited yoke, gathered flounce, embroidered panel front, continuing as band around flounce.

A460. Gown of light wool material. Blouse

bolero effect, trimmed with bands of embroidery and three circular ruffles, giving low shoulder effect. Puff sleeve with deep cuff. Skirt gathered at belt, trimmed with three groups of three circular ruffles, plain panel front.



Fashion Chat.



Simplicity might be truthfully designated as the keynote of the latest sartorial innovations.

Tailored models are developed in two distinct varieties. The ever-popular trotteuse with a long coat is very much worn for informal occasions, and so also is a close-fitting military model illustrated on page 18, cut with a long skirt, a tight-fitting double-breasted waist, with postillion back and plain coat sleeves. The latter is suitable only for plump women, to whom the rigid outlines of this model are extremely becoming.

For more dressy models, moleskin color, mauve and nut brown will be popular hues. Zibelines and rough cloths are beautiful if carefully made with lingerie half-sleeves, and also decorated with Oriental embroidery, fur and lace.

Long draped chiffon veils are universally worn, usually to match the color of the hat, they are draped over the face or else lifted away to fall in graceful lines from the back of the hat. Others are tied in front in a large loose bow under the chin.

Broadcloth, formerly so excellent a fabric for dressy gowns, will be less seen this year than formerly. Velvet, chiffon velvet, and velveteen in a gorgeous color combination known as Chinchilla will be the choice of those who desire to have an air of *distingué* this winter.

Frocks of these fabrics are made both in trotteuse costumes tailored and trimmed with bands of cloth, stitched, and also in princess frocks ornamented with lace and fastened down the back. The skirt is cut an inch from the ground in the back and slightly shorter in the back to give the proper dip.

Silk and novelty materials are ornamented with narrow ruffles and cabuchon rosettes, illustrated in Fashion Chat, October PICTORIAL REVIEW of Valenciennes braid, ribbon, lace, etc., either in natural color, black or white or dyed to match the frock. This idea is very *chic* and is combined with Chinese embroideries and fur on many of the French models.

The imported gowns are characterized by the numerous fabrics and trimmings combined in their decoration; three and four different materials are sometimes used in one frock.

American dressmakers frequently err in over-elaboration.

For dressy occasions models are being shown in Princess effect, when narrow, fine shirring extends from directly the bust line to the hips. These models are simply finished at the bottom of the skirt with a Paquin ruffle.

Others are designed in the same manner with faggotted strips of narrow pieces of material extending in like manner over the whole torso.

Moleskin, and the ratskin, a cheaper fabric which closely resembles the more expensive material, will be the new furs. Frocks, hats, coats, muffs, and accessories are designed in the new fur, which is becoming and warm, though very soft and pliable to the touch, adapting itself to skilful treatment.

Motifs of velvet, in orange or pepper red, covered with bands of stitched soutache are used for revers, collars and cuffs; this touch of brilliance renders the dull gray of the fur becoming to all complexions.

Mauve promises to be the favorite winter color and is to be had in hundreds of shades in all manner of materials. This rather trying shade is particularly becoming to sallow women, while to those of beautiful coloring it is not becoming unless relieved by some contrasting effect.

NEVER SLIPS
nor TEARS

EVERY PAIR
WARRANTED

The Velvet Grip

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

HOLDS THE STOCKINGS UP
AND THE CORSET DOWN

**HOSE CUSHION
BUTTON
SUPPORTER**

If your dealer is "up-to-date"
he has the popular styles

LOOK FOR THE MOULDED RUBBER BUTTON
AND THE NAME ON THE METAL LOOP

Sample pair, by mail, 25c.



HIGH NOVELTY MATINEE GOWNS.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations—waist \$1, skirt \$1.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A461. Matinee gown of figured French flannel, consisting of semi-fitted jacket and skirt. Jacket 24 to 28 inches long, double box plait down front. Plain turnover collar, bishop sleeve, with loose cuff. Skirt with side plaited flounce.

A462. Cashmere matinee gown. Belted blouse jacket laid in plaits, drop yoke, edged with ruffle of silk, forming rosettes in front. Full puff sleeve finished with a deep ruffle and rosette. Skirt with double box plait in front, trimmed around bottom with silk ruffle, finished with rosette.

A463. Matinee gown of figured challie. Blouse jacket belted with velvet ribbon through laddering. Neck finished with folds of challie edged with lace ruffle, fichu effect, and caught with rosettes. Full bishop sleeve, finished with lace ruffle. Skirt finished at bottom with three shaped ruffles.

John B. Stein, San Francisco, by letter, scores 1 United States THIS the b
Rain or spot, used
B. PRIEST, Philad
BEA and
Witho
food and defect, s blemish, perfect. woman lo youthful to the ch ven, ma preservin age. Hu lous trea
GRAN SPEC OFFE
treatment address a purifier, bar of c with the out this
FAMA 83
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curren will ship very swe some an nearest c tion. If t gent \$1.2 stunning and one you \$4.00 such an a suitable f on left s covered a in French rosettes o are two s it. Out f silk f mohair fe set on l es' knot andeau. very di and expe tremely l ein's spl elegant cati long and le
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on the back of every yard
"Rain will neither wet
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Send to us will bring you a booklet telling all about
useful cloths and garments.

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BEAUTY, YOUTHFUL LOOKS and Complexions Like Pearls WITH ROSY CHEEKS

Without the use of Powders or Cosmetics



Face Powders are
injurious to the
complexion, cover-
ing up the blem-
ishes, clogging the
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the impurities from
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pimples, wrinkles,
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plexion purifier,"
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special directions,
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our marvelous
Famacuta skin
food and Famacuta complexion soap, removes every
defect, spot, blotch, freckle, pimple, comedo, and
blemish, leaving the complexion clear, smooth and
perfect. This marvelous treatment will make any
woman look many years younger. It brings back the
youthful glow to the face and the natural ruddiness
to the cheeks, imparting a beautiful brilliancy to the
skin, making it like alabaster, spotless and pure,
preserving it in this grand condition till extreme old
age. Hundreds of thousands are using this miracu-
lous treatment and are more than delighted with it.

The price of Famacuta complexion
purifier is \$1.50, the Famacuta skin
food, 75 cents, and the soap, 25 cents;
but in order that every woman may
have an opportunity to try this grand
treatment at a moderate cost, we will send to any
address a full size bottle of Famacuta complexion
purifier, a full size jar of Famacuta skin food, and a
bar of our Famacuta complexion soap, together
with the new special directions—all for \$1.00. Cut
out this advertisement and send with your order.

GRAND SPECIAL OFFER
FAMACUTA REMEDY CO., COMPLEXION SPECIALISTS
63 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

\$1.50 BUYS A
\$4.00 HAT



The "Melba"

Send us 25 cents
in currency and we
will ship you this
very swell, hand-
some and becoming
tailor-made hat to your
nearest express office, with privilege of examina-
tion. If the hat is satisfactory pay your express
agent \$1.25 and express charges, and you will own
a stunning hat, greatly admired by your friends,
and one that your local milliner would charge
you \$4.00 for were she able to design and make
such an artistic creation. This splendid hat is
suitable for young and old. It is slightly raised
on left side, the newest fashion, and entirely
covered and draped with imported Mohair felt,
a French Buckram frame. Trimmed with two
rosettes of the same material, in centre of which
are two silk finished velveta buttons on back of
hat. Outer brim is encircled with graceful folds
of silk finished velveta drawn through the
Mohair felt. A handsome feather, aigrette effect,
set on left side, and a cleverly designed millin-
er's knot of silk-finished velveta adorns velvet
bandeau. Can be ordered in all colors. This hat
very distinctive in style, of high-grade material
and expert workmanship. Offered at this ex-
tremely low price to acquaint you with Lang-
bein's splendid values.

Send us 25 cents, showing hundreds of smart styles
in elegant catalogue No. 50 free. Write for our wholesale cat-
alogue and learn how you can start in business on a limited capital.
S. LANGBEIN & CO., 213-215 STATE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

[NOTE.—Readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW inquiring names of shops where articles are purchas-
able should inclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply and state page and date. See
illustrations on this page.]

Ever useful linen thread medal-
lion, a feature for household as
well as dress purposes.

Unique belt for early fall wear,
useful, attractive and economical.

School children delight in the
carry-all novelty for combining
several useful articles.

A device for the well-groomed
woman to reconcile those one-time
enemies the skirt and shirt waist.

Suitable gift for any festive oc-
casion or for merely "Auld Lang
Syne." Appreciated by men and
women.

Shoppers are beginning to throng
the shops, and at no time during the
season do novelties so seriously ap-
peal to the pur-
chaser as during
the mid-season,
when styles are
less considered
than accessories.

Household linen,
including doilies,
pillow shams,
sheets, as well as
lingerie waists and
children's frocks,
are beautifully or-
namented in linen
thread medallion,
such as are illus-
trated in cut No. 1. They are skil-
ful imitations of the genuine almost
priceless Mexican drawn work, and
may be bought for 12½ cents each.

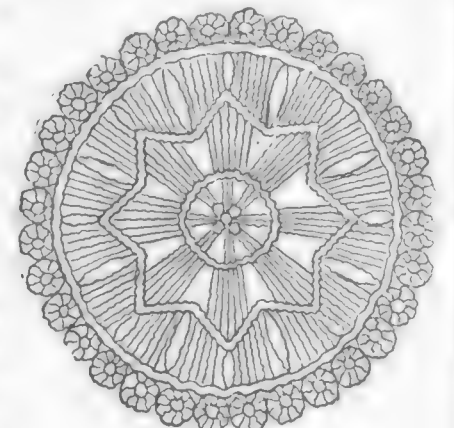
Early fall brings out all the shirt-
waists and the linen and silk belts
worn during hot weather are en-
tirely impractical now. I saw a beau-
tiful belt of silk elastic with the
unique arabesque design in steel, as
shown in illustration No. 2. It was
purchasable in five different waist
measurements. Cost, only 48 cents.

Children are much more appreci-
ative of novelties than they are usual-
ly given credit for, and the
pleasure and excitement af-
forded a child in exhibiting
something
new and
original to
schoolmates
is a compen-
sation to a parent who
has searched for such an
article with success.

All mothers know how necessary
a ruler, a pencil-box and strap is to
the school child. In illustration
No. 3 we show a combination of
all these useful articles combined
in an ingenious device called a carry-
all. The ruler is pierced with a
strap, which also passes through the
slits at either end of the pencil-box.
By lifting the pencil-box, placing a
pile of books upon the ruler and then
fastening the strap taut, a conven-
ience scarcely dreamed of, is made a

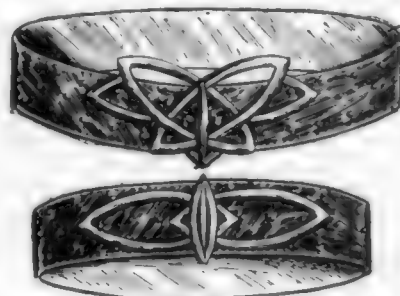
fact. A tiny lock and key completes
the outfit, which costs 10 cents.

Woolen and heavy shirt waists are
no less tractable to manage than the
lighter fabrics and lingerie waists.
so popular with the summer girl. To



1

hold the skirt and waist together
neatly and compactly has always been
a sore trial to the woman who aspires
to being well groomed and the de-
light in finding a suitable arrangement
to accomplish this purpose would be
worth almost any sum to those who
desire to know. I came across such
an article the other day which cost
only 25 cents, and after trying it I
was simply delighted with the result.



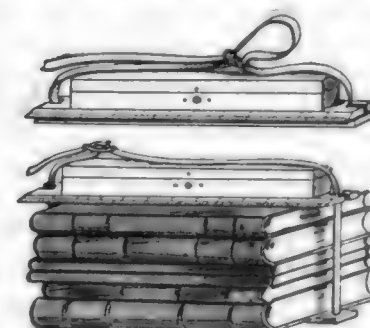
2

For keeping the waist down, also, this
will be found invaluable. How sim-
ple the contrivance is may be seen in
illustration 4. It is a large pin with
two exposed prongs over the top—
after pinning securely to the corset
through skirt, place belt in position
fastened over the prong and clasp
the ornamental button. Nothing can
then disarrange one's toilet.

Gifts, so often the subject of such
careful forethought, are hard to se-



4



3

lect, and a suggestion is sometimes
invaluable. Silver seals are so useful,
ornamental, cheap and attractive, al-
most every one appreciates such a
gift.

Extremely heavy well made ones,
artistically designed, and beautiful,
may be purchased like design No. 5
for \$3.75 from one of the leading
Broadway silversmiths.

Superfluous Hair

REMOVED BY THE NEW
PRINCIPLE

De Miracle

It is better than electricity, because it does not
sear or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray,
because it does not burn or sear nor paralyze the
tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories,
because it is not poisonous, and does not break the
hair off, thereby increasing the growth.

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered
you on the BARE WORD of the operators and
manufacturers. "De MIRACLE" is not. It is the
only method which is endorsed by physicians,
surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals.

An interesting little booklet, containing testi-
monials of physicians and surgeons, will be sent
free on request, sealed in plain envelope.

"De MIRACLE" will be mailed to any address,
sealed in plain wrapper, on receipt of \$1.00. Your
money back without question (no red tape) if it
fails to do all that is claimed for it.

De MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO.

Park Avenue and 129th Street
NEW YORK



Corticelli SPOOL SILK

Corticelli Silk holds the world's
record for superiority, having won
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FANCY WAISTS.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, \$1.50. Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A493. Fancy silk waist, tuckered yoke, very deep on shoulder, finished with wide bands of applique lace, fullness of blouse and sleeve shirred at top, deep tuckered cuff. Rosettes of silk or ribbon.

A494. Crêpe de chine waist, accordeon plaited. Lace yoke continuing in straps down to belt, with liberty satin ribbon laced through and fin-

ished with rosettes. Yoke laced across neck, with narrow ribbon. Full bishop sleeve.

A495. Waist of mousseline de soie over silk shirred crosswise, forming puffs; finished with straps of embroidery and liberty silk rosettes. Sleeve cap shirred, full puff, with deep cuff of embroidery.

A496. Chic little fancy waist of liberty silk, V-shaped neck, tuckered yoke and short sleeve in one piece. Blouse falling very full and headed by soft folds of mousseline de soie finished with loops and ends of lace. Strap of silk from neck to bottom of sleeve, laced with velvet or mousseline. Lace ruffle finishes bottom of sleeve.

Paris Letter.

Friday.

My Dear Hortense:

A perfect influx of delightful ideas are being shown in those tiny shops along the Boulevard, where sartorial fancies first see the light of day.

The *couturières* seem to have gone mad on the subject of trimmings in circles around the skirt.

Flounces sometimes completely cover the skirts made of thin fabrics, to the waists. Other models are developed in two flounces, and a few in three, the lowest one cut deepest and the top one quite narrow. Trying as these models are to those who have large hips, Americans must ultimately accept the decree or else turn to the only alternative—the models gathered to the waistband and falling in full, straight lines. The only exceptions made to these styles are seen in the strictly tailored models.

Paris sends us novelties in the shape of fancified short-skirt costumes, called "trotteuse ornée," and destined for semi-dressy affairs.

Lingerie ruffles and half-sleeves lavishly ornamented with shirred Valenciennes lace ruffles are the newest trimming for cloths of rough texture.

Zibelines are shown in the most beautiful of pastel tints, and the varied shades of white, blue-white, ivory, and yellow-white are unique and pleasing for women's wraps and children's coats.

Few garments are made without some odd or fanciful sleeve. Many are developed in exaggerated size, the puff always falling near the elbow. Balloon-like effects are produced by sun-ray pleatings.

Mole-skin color and mauve promise to out-rival all other shades in popular favor, and pipings, cordings and insets of white or brilliantly colored cloth promise to be a feature of tailored models.

Skirt yokes have seen their best days. None of the newer models are cut in this fashion.

Those long, serpentine lines so favored by American gown-makers are now a dream of happiness for the short and stout woman from which she has been rudely awakened, for nothing is so really old-timed as those graceful ornamentations at present.

Handwork will again predominate as an ornamentation for velvet street frocks, and the more elaborate creations; but a change in the form of these ornamentations has taken place, and they resemble the embroideries used for fancy work. The flowers are developed in satin, velvet, ribbon or chiffon, and the stems are embroidered in chenille. A charming black canvas was made quite without ornamentation other than a large red rose embroidered in heavy floss on the bosom of the waist, which was box-plaited, absolutely untrimmed and fastened in the back. The skirt was also plaited in the same size box plaits, and with the costume was worn a large flat crimson velvet hat, simply trimmed with one large shaded plume.

Shaded frocks are being much seen, as well as gowns made of several tints of the same color. This idea is particularly apropos in Pompadour fashions where the waist and skirt differ in material. These models are usually executed with a brocade waist and a skirt matching in color scheme of either cloth or velvet.

Valenciennes lace as a garniture of street frocks is a departure from preconceived ideas sartorial, but the effect is new and pleasing if carefully applied; naturally great discrimination is necessary to bring about a chic effect.

All Parisiennes are wearing huge ornaments of turquoise, turquoise matrix and coral. These barbaric ornaments are in form of La Vallières', and in hearts to hang from a long chain, or else are made into bracelets of unique design.

Jet is also used for hair ornaments, and is effective either in white or Titian red hair.

Gold bags and chatelaines have entirely succeeded the once popular silver ones, and no one uses silver

even for umbrella handles, so out of date has it now become.

Mole-skin is the most popular fur; the stole-like neck pieces are beautiful when Miladi adorns her dainty head with a gaily colored hat. Coral necklaces and earrings also add a needed touch of color.

The muff is quite flat, entirely unpadded, and developed in several rows of scallops, falling one over the other in a graceful and odd manner.

The blouse effect is now quite démodé. Modistes are showing the new models with only the smallest amount of fullness in the front on lacy, dressy frocks, and for the heavier gowns the pouch effect has been replaced by close fitting models.

How radical a change this will make in the fashions may be imagined when the straight frock must be replaced by modified styles of corsets, showing a higher bust and less conspicuous straight front.

It is to be hoped that the laced in waist will not be among the innovations.

Crimson promises to be the choice of the ultra fashionable women who don the moleskin stole.

By the way, stoles are made of every material, lace ruffles on filmy chiffon foundations, and marabout, in naturelle and shade mauve or red.

They are about nine inches wide and the side worn close to the face is the light one, the shade gradually increasing in depth until it reaches the edge.

These stoles are the finishing touch to many a dashing toilet.

Oriental embroidery, both in Persian and Armenian varieties, remains a favorite trimming.

Eolienne is perhaps the smartest material for afternoon visiting, driving or lunching after all.

Hats of felt, velvet, braid and lace are decorated with gold and silver, gold predominates. The cavalier plume is a feature of all fall hats, sometimes laid across the top of the hat and at others falling from beneath the brim. The audacity to exaggerate these styles and to choose a plume which falls to the waist line is a ridiculous theatric effect unsuitable for the gentlewoman.

Tulle is a favorite trimming for a velvet hat in addition to the plumes.

Gainsborough hats of felt are becoming to tall women, but the newest shapes all show a small high crown.

The high crushed belt terminating in a sharp point is a feature of all ball and evening frocks here. It gives me great pleasure to notice in the October PICTORIAL REVIEW you had some beautiful illustrations of these new Pompadour styles.

Another innovation is the Eton, which meets a deep girdle-like belt to which it is tacked, an adaptation which carefully excludes the cold. These are both attached to a close-fitting lining.

Parisians choose heavier silk fabrics for linings than I have ever seen before, they are all cut close-fitting, regardless of how full the dress skirt may be.

The collarless gown, called the Dutch Waist, is still being shown, but finds favor only with those whose neck is of incomparable outline and fairness. Transparent yokes, the collar of which is cut in one, and stiffened, is a far more beautiful and becoming fashion.

Wrinkled sleeves, the return of the mosquetairé style, introduced by the Divine Sarah, are becoming and odd for lace frocks.

Toujours affectionnée, HENRIETTE

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BALL AND EVENING GOWNS.

Pinned paper patterns of above styles—waist \$1.50, skirt \$1.50, complete suit \$2.50.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A483. Ball gown of liberty silk, trimmed lace ruffles, finished at front as rosettes. Girdle of velvet, with narrow strap of velvet and puffing chiffon heading the waist at neck. Skirt shirred in at belt.

A484. Evening gown of crêpe de chine, spangled trimming, deep lace yoke, pointed girdle, pompadour effect. Puffed sleeve with deep cuff. Skirt tucked in bands.

A485. Crêpe de chine evening gown, waist-surplice effect. Skirt gathered at belt, trimmed with applique lace. Fancy draped sleeve caught with buckle near shoulder.

"COOKERY."

From "Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book, Copyright," 1903.

Daffodils.

Chop the whites of six hard-boiled eggs fine, then run through a vegetable press. Have ready a cup of drawn butter, seasoned with pepper, salt and onion juice. Mix the whites with this, and keep hot over boiling water. Have ready eight rounds of toast, buttered and slightly moistened with gravy—chicken, veal or turkey. Arrange on a hot platter and cover each round with the white mixture, flattening it on top.

Run the yokes through the press, reducing them to a yellow powder, season with salt and pepper, and put a spoonful in the center of each white round.

Scalloped Oysters.

Drain the oysters and dispose in a buttered bake-dish in the following order:

In the bottom have a light layer of crushed cracker crumbs; season with paprika and salt, drop bits of butter upon them, and wet with oyster liquor and milk mixed in equal quantities. Now comes a layer of oysters, similarly seasoned, next a layer of crumbs. Go on thus until the dish is full or the materials are used up. The top layer should be crumbs with a double allowance of butter. Cover closely and bake half an hour, then uncover and brown lightly.

Oyster Omelet.

Before putting your omelet over the fire, have ready the filling. Chop a dozen oysters into tiny bits. Stir together over the fire a large tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. When smooth and bubbling draw to the side of the range and add gradually three teaspoonfuls of cream (with a pinch of soda), and the same quantity of oyster liquor. Set back over the fire and stir until it boils. Season with paprika and salt; add the chopped oysters, and bring again to a boil. Set in boiling water while you make the omelet. When this is ready to fold over, cover with the cooked oysters, fold

and turn out upon a very hot dish. Serve at once. Clam omelet is made in the same way.

Omelette aux Fines Herbes.

Chop finely parsley, thyme, summer savory, chives, or any green herbs you fancy; make two teaspoonfuls in all; season with paprika and celery salt. Make an omelet in the usual way, pour into the pan, and before it forms, sprinkle the herbs over the surface, stirring gently to mix them. Cook then as you would a plain omelet.

A parsley omelet is made according to this recipe, using no herbs except parsley.

Fried Eggs with brown sauce.

Put a good lump of butter in the frying pan, and when it hisses sharply cook the eggs as directed in the last recipe.

When done, dish and keep them hot over boiling water. Now put two tablespoonfuls of butter into the pan, fry brown, then add one tablespoonful of vinegar and a little onion juice, with pepper and salt. Boil the whole together for two minutes, pour it over the eggs and serve.

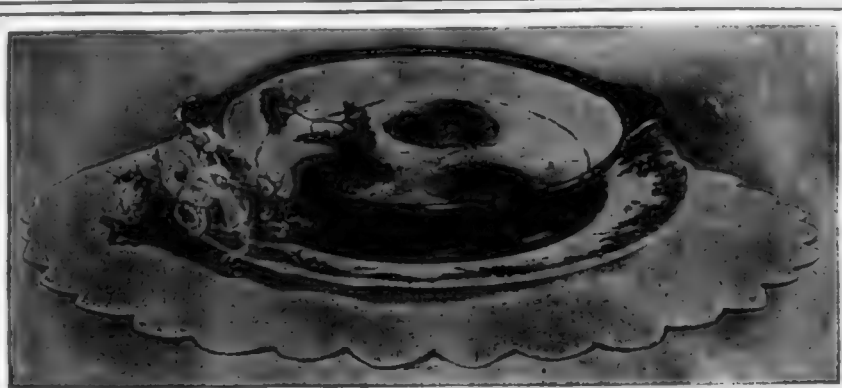
Eggs and Tomatoes.

Cook a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour together in a sauce pan until smooth and hot. Add a cupful of tomatoes, canned or raw, chopped fine, and strained

from the juice. Season with paprika, celery salt, a half-teaspoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Cook five minutes. Have ready on a bowl six eggs, beaten, whites and yolks together; take the saucepan from the fire and add the contents gradually to the eggs. Set back over the fire and stir for one minute, or until the eggs are set. Serve in a hot, deep dish.

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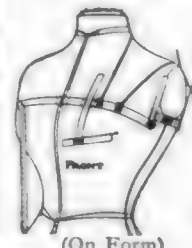
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A416. Costume of Venetian. Tucked waist with yoke of velvet forming epaulettes over shoulder and tabs down front, stole effect, finished with fringe. Collar and part of yoke of silk puffing. Double sleeve, with tight fitted cuff. Tucked skirt, finished at bottom with bands of velvet, graduated in size.

A417. Checked homespun costume. Blouse with yoke of plain cloth, pointed in front, deep on shoulder, trimmed with fancy braid. Full sleeve, with deep cuff of plain cloth, braided. Skirt plaited in front and held in plaits at belt.

A418. Street costume of navy blue cloth. Top of belt turned down and fastened to lower

edge of bolero, giving blouse effect. Cut very deep on shoulder, and trimmed with strap of braid, bands of silk inserted in cloth, and silk rosettes. Double sleeve, tight cuff. Skirt plaited in front, side plaited flounce, headed by tiny straps of braid and ornamented with the new rosette trimming.

"THE WORKTABLE."



POND LILY DESIGN LE1091C.

655.9; while the inclosing sepals are worked in Red 658 and 659. The stems, tinted brown, are outlined with Brown 529, and the leaves are worked in Green 662, 663, 665, 666. The work is all very easily done, and very handsome results are obtained in a little time.

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The college man will be very appreciative of a pouch decorated with his college flags, and these can be very easily made by anyone who understands simple crochet. The pouch here illustrated is a Harvard Design, worked with crimson flags on a background of gray, the sticks being black.

The pouch is made in the same manner as a crocheted purse, substituting a colored silk for the beads. With a little practice one can very easily crochet over two, three, or four strands, as the case may be. The bottom of the pouch is a seven-point star. Commence with the gray Purse Twist, and make a chain of 4. Into these 4 stitches work 7 s.c. with gray. Now join the red silk, and work 1 s.c. each red and gray into the seven foundation stitches of the preceding row. This forms the foundation of the seven-point star, which is worked in crimson.

In the next round work 1 s.c. in red over the red preceding round, and 1 red and 1 gray in the gray of preceding round. Continue in this

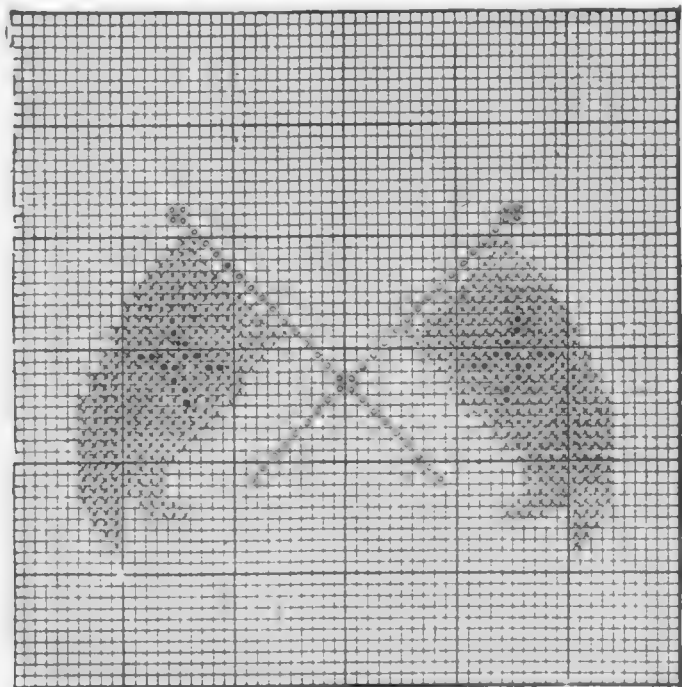


FIG. 107. DESIGN FOR HARVARD TOBACCO POUCH.

manner, increasing each round by 7 stitches, 1 in each star-point, until the widest part of the star, 9 stitches, is reached. From there on the same number of widening stitches is used, but 1 stitch is dropped from each point of the star, gradually narrowing down to the tip. The widening stitches should be continued to fill pattern.

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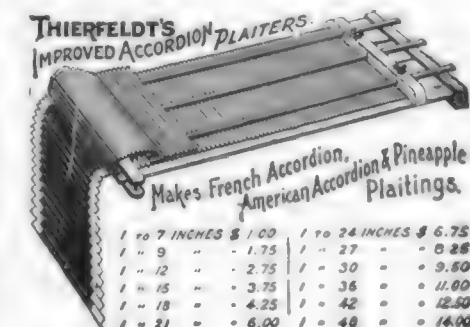
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A410. Suit of blue cloth. Plaited blouse coat, 28 to 30 inches long, with plaited peplum. Drop yoke edged with fancy braid. Velvet vest, trimmed with gold soutache. Velvet collar, cuffs and belt. Skirt with narrow panel front. Tiny gold ball buttons.

A411. Suit of plaid cloth. Blouse coat 42 to 45 inches long, double breasted. Drop yoke, piped with green plain cloth. Cossack collar and belt of velvet. Box plaited skirt.

A412. Costume of tan Venetian, trimmed with bands of velvet and tucked silk. Waist vest

effect, laced with cord. High girdle laced in front, short peplum-shaped sleeve with separate tucked piece at cuff, finished with velvet strap. Tucked skirt, plain flounce, headed with velvet band and large buttons.

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APPLE OF PARIS.

[Note—Readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW inquiring names of shops where toilet articles are purchasable should inclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and state page and date.]

MILADI'S TOILET.

THE universal popularity of the shirt waist, with a new distinction in the now popular shirt-waist costume, shows that women have learned that a neat appearance depends largely upon the proper adjustment of the shirt-waist fulness.

I saw a charming device designed for that purpose, of holding the abdomen in, the stockings up, and the shirt waist in proper shape. This arrangement consists of a square pad eight inches in width, attached to a webbing belt, four garters attached to the bottom of the pad. This supporter affords a perfect garter, and at the same time enforces a correct standing position.

In dressing, a woman puts on all her underwear, her corset-cover, her corset and waist; then, after attaching her stockings to the garters, loosely clasps the belt about the waist, pulls and settles her shirt waist exactly as she wishes it to remain; then pins firmly in the back to the belt, pulls the front buckle tight, and she will be comfortably dressed for the day. Nothing can interfere to disturb the set of her waist.

There is an additional attachment to be worn with this supporter, called a waist lengthener attachment. It is a rigid piece of steel, with a bent-over edge. When the skirts are adjusted, push them all down under the bent smooth piece of metal, and they will remain in the fashionable dip so sought after by modern women. The price of these delightful arrangements varies from sixty cents for those with cotton webbing, to one dollar and fifty cents for those of heavy silken web and satin pad.

* * *

Superfluous hair is always the object of the most pathetic interest to women who suffer from this disfigurement. While anger, rage and energetic efforts to remove this torturing growth have hitherto met with failure, it gives one pleasure to recall to our readers that there exists a safe, harmless, painless radical cure for this annoying evil which is neither the electric needle nor a dangerous nostrum. Instead, it is a palliative liquid, to be applied to the roots of the hair by merely sponging over the surface of the skin and allowing the liquid to remain for a few moments. The preparation to which I refer is germicidal, antiseptic, non-poisonous and easy of application.

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* * *

Those who are afflicted with any of the various ailments of the feet will be interested in learning that great progress has been made in recent years, both in the method of treating and curing such troubles, as well as in the application of common sense towards avoiding them.

Attracted by the literature of one of our advertisers, our representative called at their office a few days ago and had an interesting conversation with their manager. It is no longer necessary to spend half a day's time calling on your chiropodist for a treatment, besides paying him a fee ranging anywhere from 50 cents to \$2 for each call, and finally despairing of ever finding a complete cure. This firm publishes a handsome booklet entitled, "How to Have Easy, Healthy, Shapely Feet," which they mail to any address on request. This describes all the different ailments of the feet and their causes, and gives suggestions how to prevent them and cure them. This can be done by anyone right at home, without pain, cutting, in fact, without the slightest inconvenience. This booklet should be read by everyone, as if you have no trouble with your feet at present, you are very likely to have sooner or later, and the booklet tells you how such troubles may be prevented.

We would recommend to all our readers to send to us for a copy, which will be mailed free on request.

A prize is offered for the best photograph by girl or boy under 15, received before November 1, 1903

Another Beautiful Al-Vista Camera

WHAT THE "AL-VISTA" SEES AND DOES

The Al-vista Camera is the newest improvement made in cameras. It is manufactured with a revolving lens containing five pivots. With this contrivance a picture may be made three times as long as the ordinary camera takes, at 45° angle of view.

A \$15.00 CAMERA ABSOLUTELY FREE—Size, 9½ x 6 x 5

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



PURIFIES AS WELL AS PEENILLES THE SKIN. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 55 years—no other has—and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

GOURAUD'S Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. **FRED. T. HOPKINS**, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Wamaker's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers.

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A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

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with speciality to remove the complexion and its original whiteness. Price \$1.00 per box. From your dealer or on receipt of 25c. from Laboratory Kenzel Mfg. Co., 45 West 10th St., New York.

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A PERFUME made of cheap chemical ingredients may ruin a beautiful complexion. The only safe way is to use **LABLACHE** Face Powder. Its delicate perfume is made from natural flowers. Many cheap powders are highly perfumed simply to cover up gross impurities. **LABLACHE** is always pure. An exquisite toilet necessity. Beautiful women have praised it for thirty years. Flesh, White, Pink, Cream Tints. 50c. a box. Druggists or by mail. Take no other.

REN LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 125 Kingston St., London

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED

By my Scientific Treatment Especially Prepared for Each Individual Case.

I SUFFERED FOR YEARS with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the **TRUCK SECRET** for the permanent removal of hair, and for more than seven years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby removing happiness to, and gaining thanks of, thousands of ladies.

I assert and will prove to you, that my treatment will destroy the follicle and otherwise PERMANENTLY REMOVE THE HAIR FOREVER. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber.

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED, WRITE TO ME for further information, and I will convince you of all I claim. I will give prompt, personal and strictly confidential attention to your letter. Being a woman, I know of the delicacy of such a matter as this and act accordingly. Address **HELEN DOUGLAS, 35 West 21st St., New York**

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertiser.



GOWNS.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations—\$1.50 for the waist, \$1.50 for the skirt, \$2.50 for complete costume.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A490. New pompadour effect in visiting gown of light wool material. Waist tucked with vest of lace and cape collar of velvet edged with "bonne femme" ruffle. High shaped velvet girdle, full puffed sleeve finished with double ruffle. Skirt gathered at belt and finished at bot-

tom with band of velvet and "bonne femme" ruffle.
A491. Gown of light cloth, box plaited waist, with lace yoke. Full sleeve finished with liberty silk band and double ruffle. Wide girdle of liberty silk. Full skirt, gathered at belt, deep tucks headed with lace insertion.

A492. Visiting gown of spotted pongee; waist with plaits on shoulder; vest effect of velvet, headed by applique embroidery. Full puff sleeve, deep cuff, skirt frilled in at belt and finished at bottom with velvet bands edged with applique and narrow ruffle; panel front of velvet.

The House Wife

The grievance of not a few women against their husbands is that the latter give them no ground for grievances.

A PLEASANT home-coming is such a feature in the life of a busy man that one marvels at how little housewives consider the mental as well as material attitude of comfort necessary to insure a husband's happiness.

Many careful housewives develop into perfect fanatics on the subject of dust and dirt, rendering the husband's life miserable by repeated remonstrances:

"Do wipe your feet," or "Don't lie down on those beautiful sofa pillows," or "Don't sit on the chair with the embroidered seat."

Such nagging remarks do much to drive a husband away from his fire-side, and render his life one perpetual agitation similar to the condition in which old-fashioned men found themselves during the trying period called "house-cleaning."

The woman who refuses to allow her husband to smoke because she fears to ruin the lace curtains commits the serious mistake of ruining her future happiness.

Although there is some excuse for the woman who becomes ill at the odor of tobacco, there is positively none for the housewife who values her curtains higher than her husband's comfort.

Another anomaly is she who keeps her home in such perfect order that the members of the family scarcely dare to move a sofa pillow or a chair out of its regular place.

Such a housewife is in a constant state of misery about crumbs on the floor, newspapers carelessly arranged, or a hat or gloves left lying about. All the family live in a constant state of dread, always trembling lest this ever-vigilant eye or ever-ready tongue may proclaim domestic warfare.

Everyone knows this type of woman, who may be as perfect a house-keeper as any Dutch woman, in the land where cleanliness is practiced to the verge of mania. The writer has walked in the early morning through the streets of The Hague, where all is full of bustle and excitement, for the busy, wide-hipped housewives, who are all astir, wipe off windows with huge sponges, spraying over the pavement and stoop with huge rubber hose, and carefully removing weeds from between the bricks. Inside, the fight against dirt wages quite as fiercely as without. The kitchen floors are scrubbed until one might dine off them with impunity, and then the house-keeper, kneeling on the floor, picks around the cracks and corners to remove dust and dirt, so insane are the Hollanders on the subject of scrupulous neatness. As a race, Dutchmen are known to have a very low opinion of women in an intellectual sense, and they are also a nation of café frequenters.

The burgher spends his time at the coffee-house, or sipping his beer and smoking his long-stemmed pipe.

Whenever I come across this type of housekeeper I think of the women of The Hague, driving away the men-folks to entertainment and comfort away from home.

Not that one does not advocate neatness, punctuality and order in the family life, all of which are component elements in the comfort of the home; this is merely a word of remonstrance to her who will subjugate all else to the rule of unnecessary strictness in regard to the letter of the law.

Housewives, consider the comfort first of your loved ones! A chair misplaced, a soiled sofa pillow or worn-out chair are small items to be considered in comparison to the aching heart and bitterness continual reproaches will bring into the hearts of those who must listen.

The weary bread-winner who has striven all day against the disadvantages of being occupied is in no mental condition to bear the annoyance of listening to "don't this" and "don't that." Even the little ones, who have their trials at school, and who return tired, perhaps, from play, need rest and comfort for a period to study their lessons and think.

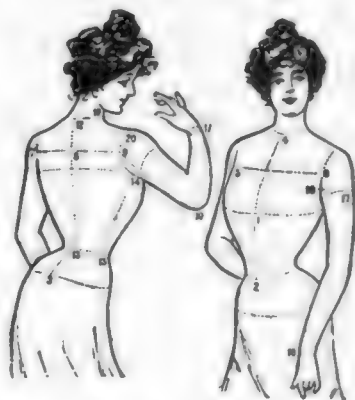
Let the housewife who longs to be always her husband's sweetheart study his comfort, try to be a restful companion and a genuine chum.

Therein lies the secret of the happy home.

Another fearful mistake made by the average woman is to pour forth all her petty domestic woes into the ears of any chance listener as well as her husband.

Great sorrows are easy to bear; it is the small ones that gnaw the heart almost to despair; and so, with the chatter about the price of groceries, servants, the children and petty gossip, it makes a man hate his home and seek his club, or the saloon, which has been facetiously called "the poor man's club."

Directions for Self-Measurement



- 1-1—Around bust.....
- 2-2— " waist.....
- 3-3— " hips.....
- 4-4— " neck.....
- 5-6—Across front.....
- 7-9— " back.....
- 8-9—Back to armhole.....
- 9-10—Armhole to elbow.....
- 10-11—Elbow to wrist.....

PATTERNS

PATTERNS of all garments illustrated may be obtained only from THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 853 Broadway, New York City, at the prices quoted. Mail orders must be accompanied by cash or postal orders. Also kindly state if lining is wanted.

In ordering patterns from us, two days must be allowed for same, as no sizes are kept in stock, and all patterns are cut to order.

If sizes are not given when ordering, we will send medium size, which is 36 bust, and 24 waist. Sleeve patterns cut for 50 cents.

Kindly fill out the following measurements very carefully:

Length of skirt from center front to floor
Length of back from waist line to floor.
Length of hip from waist to floor.
Around waist.
Around hip 5 inches below waist line.

- 4-2—Length of waist in front.....
- 12-13— " " back.....
- 14-15— " under arm.....
- 18-16— " of inside sleeve.....
- 6-6—Armhole.....
- 17-17—Thickness of arm.....
- 16-16—Around waist.....
- 19-20—Shoulder measure.....
- Length of garment.....

Amount enclosed..... Name.....
Street..... City.....

TO OUR FRIENDS, THE DRESSMAKERS:

It is timely here to state that we have in no way altered our magazine in combining THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE. Our policy is not changed. We have merely added a literary department.

Our fashions are still the best, and we continue our regular home departments, in addition to which we have engaged the best fiction writers to give us stories.

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Parties representing themselves as connected with PICTORIAL REVIEW should always be asked to produce credentials. This will prevent imposition.

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WATCH & CHAIN FREE Watch is American movement, nickel plated, stem wind, stem set, latest style, guaranteed best value. Self 20 packages of Blaine at ten cents each, return the money. We send Watch, Chain and Charm at once, postpaid. We trust you with Blaine. 2,500,000 Watches and other premiums given in last 8 yrs. **BLAINE MFG. CO., Box 230 CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.**

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Oak Loom as per illustration; 25 Needles;
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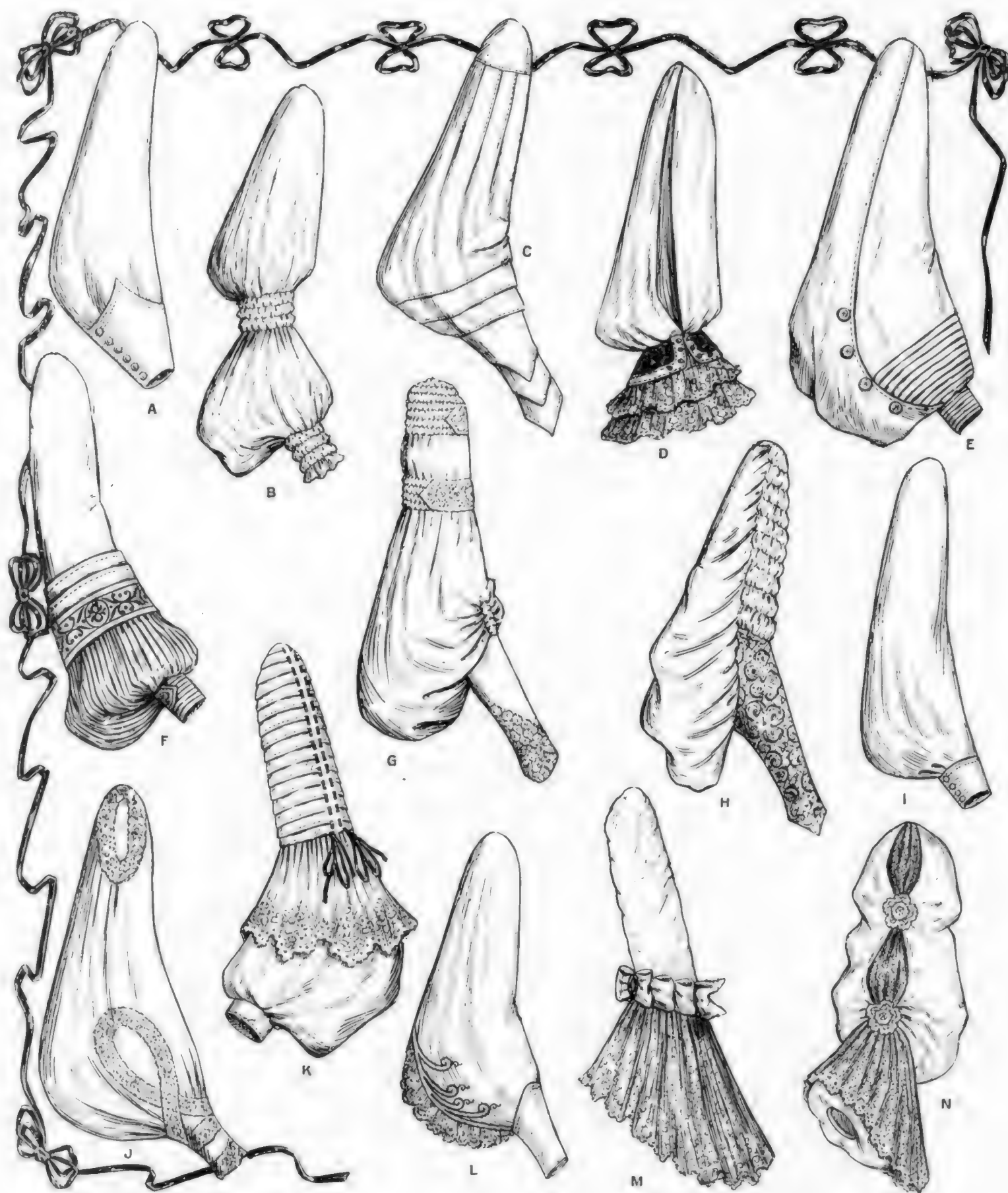
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Restores gray, faded, lost colored hair to its natural color. Makes the hair thick, soft and glossy. It preserves the hair, cures itching, dry and gives life to dead hair, increases the growth, restores the color every time. Send with the guarantee note, no cent money refunded.
Price, \$1.00 a Bottle Free Free Free

Try it before you buy. A trial bottle with Beauty Book will be sent to any address for 10 cents to cover postage. Ad. 1000.
Mrs. R. H. LAIRD, Skin and Scalp Specialist
20 West 31st St., New York City



NOVELTIES IN SLEEVES.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, 50 cts. Flat paper patterns, 25 cts.

A. Leg-o'-mutton cloth sleeve with deep pointed cuff, button trimming.

B. Double puffed sleeve, shirred at elbow and wrist.

C. Cloth sleeve, tucked at shoulder, plain sleeve cap, deep pointed cuff.

D. Sleeve of cloth with inverted plait, circular velvet cuff over double lace ruffle.

E. Two-piece cloth sleeve, bishop effect, trimmed with braid and large buttons.

F. Over sleeve of cloth, finished with tucks

and band of Persian embroidery, falling over accordeon plaited under sleeve.

G. Full puff sleeve of silk, shirred in two groups at shoulder, deep cuff with lace applique.

H. Fancy silk sleeve, shirred on fore part of arm, and falling in full puff; deep shaped lace cuff.

I. Plain bishop sleeve, narrow cuff, fastened with four buttons.

J. Cloth or silk bishop sleeve, trimmed at shoulder and cuff with lace applique.

K. Fancy silk sleeve, tight-fitted tucked, cap, laced with velvet, finished with deep lace ruffle, falling on full under sleeve. Plain cuff.

L. Leg-o'-mutton sleeve, with deep shaped cuff, upper half cut in two pieces, shaped at elbow, trimmed with braid and lace ruffle.

M. Silk elbow sleeve, with deep lace ruffle, finished with loops of velvet or ribbon.

N. Fancy silk sleeve, lace inserted at forearm, caught with medallions, forming double puff, deep ruffle of lace over lower puff.

Social Observances.

INTRODUCTIONS are perhaps one of the most perplexing of social problems, especially to those who have had little experience in meeting persons outside of a limited circle, where all are more or less acquainted with each other, if not in actuality, at least through familiarity with ancestry, family affairs, etc.

In cosmopolitan society the strictest care should be exercised to use the proper formality in presenting one person to another, as well as proper precedence; the phraseology one chooses may be either a slight or an insult, just as one selects the proper terms.

When you wish to introduce persons, you should say, to the superior, either in rank, age, or ———, "Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Jones."

Mrs. Brown, if she is *comme ils faut*, will respond with some pleasant triviality, selecting, if she is clever, a remark that is not about the weather or the conventional "I am delighted!"

Many women who have the knack of finding words that are original earn the reputation of being very charming, because of the graciousness and cordiality they are able to throw into a single sentence of greeting.

If you are entertaining several ladies, at tea for example, when another guest is announced, present her by saying as you rise to greet her, "Mrs. Brown, ladies," and then name your guests. The newcomer, it will be seen, is presented to the guests already present.

Young women are always presented to matrons, irrespective of age and rank, excepting only in cases where a spinster is royal or the guest of honor.

Thus: "Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Jones."

Men are always presented to women, with the one exception, made in reference to the President of the United States. Ladies are presented to him.

It is exceedingly bad form in America to introduce men to women, even in one's own house, without asking the ladies' permission, unless both persons are your intimates and you are perfectly sure that a mutual acquaintance would be agreeable.

In France and England an introduction is considered quite unnecessary in a house where persons meet as mutual friends of the host.

Although customs in countries differ so radically, good breeding and a general knowledge of the amenities of life will be found an infallible criterion to social conformity, for if one knows the rule, the letter is easy to allow.

The etiquette of business, since women are so essential an element in many commercial affairs, is beginning to have a code which is as inflexible and rigid as the discipline governing purely social intercourse.

Once upon a time a woman who was occupied found a high barrier which separated her from the woman of independent means, and those who drew the line strictest against the penniless aristocrat who was not ashamed to work might be found in greatest numbers among the "nouveau riche."

Fortunately those days are a thing of the past, and the successful woman, who paints or writes, or even opens a shop, finds that her vocation is in no way a hindrance to her entree anywhere, if she has the acquaintance, the respectability and the money to properly equip herself for a social campaign.

Introductions made for purely business purposes may or may not be recognized outside of an office. Sensible women strike a happy medium in arranging these matters, and even if they do not care to receive the men they meet in the wild struggle for gold at home, it would seem to the writer like being a little too discrimi-

nating to drop the bowing acquaintance at the office door.

In business a woman cannot well say, "I decline to meet Mr. Jones," if the head of the firm wishes to present him, but she can, by the dignity, repose and lack of response in her manner, indicate to Mr. J. that he isn't exactly desirable from her standpoint.

The old style prejudice against the woman who works, from a social standpoint, will be found only now in small towns, a relic of provincialism which will be outgrown as the size of the town increases.

At a military garrison, or in a capital city, will be found the most rigid rules of precedence. Indeed, in forts, sometimes the whole routine of government operation is upset or suspended through the fearful social warfare which is waged by the officers' wives.

It is a heartbreaking spectacle to see a petted daughter of some Eastern millionaire marry an army officer and go to a Western fort to make her home.

Probably she has belonged to the best social set in the town where she lived, and her beauty or her money has made her more sought after than any of her immediate circle of women friends. Imagine, then, her chagrin when she arrives at her husband's home to find that the darkest, dreariest house in the fort has been assigned to them.

She is accepted at her husband's rank, the poorest seat for witnessing the dress parade is hers, at mess balls etiquette forces the officers to dance first with the daughters and wives of those higher in rank, and the little bride finds herself neglected even by her own husband.

At dinner parties the rawest recruit hands her in, and she is the object of the closest scrutiny by the older matrons, who naturally look with disfavor upon a younger woman, whose Paris frocks make their home-made gowns look fearfully dowdy in comparison.

Social precedence has taught the novice in a shorter time than one can believe how valueless is her money or social position in the presence of recognized precedence governed by laws as inflexible as the code of "the Medes and Persians."

Enemies are easily made by small affronts; and women especially guard jealously their rights in the matter of the proper form in making each other acquainted.

Beyond all else avoid making introductions promiscuously, before you are sure that a mutual acquaintance will be agreeable.

In introducing members of your own family, present the relative to a stranger, unless in the case of a mother or father, when the respect of preference should be offered them, as a courtesy to superior age.

Do not fail to mention the name of your relative, and fall in error of saying:

"Miss Jones, will you allow me to present my sister?"

The proper phraseology is:

"Will you allow me to present my sister, Miss Jennings? Miss Jennings, Miss Brown."

The same suggestion holds good in introducing one's husband, or mother, or aunt, or cousin, or any relative.

Not very long ago, some women were discussing a cotillion leader, who is known as a great fascinator of women. Opinions were divided about the cause of his universal popularity.

The wit of the party summed it up in an anecdote.

"When he meets a woman he looks at her with eyes full of tender sentiment, and says tenderly, 'At last.' If she has offered her hand, which is done only as a mark of particular cordiality to those one wishes to especially honor, he gently presses it, as though this was the great moment of his life—the beginning of a never-to-be-forgotten epoch."

After a few moments' conversation, if he must leave the lady, or if the next partner at a ball, he would smile, really assuming quite a pathetic expression, and murmur, "So soon?" One can understand readily how popular this would make a fellow, for each woman believed she had made a conquest of the flirtatious adorer.

The women all smiled, and glanced surreptitiously at each other. Each had enjoyed this particular piece of acting, so well rehearsed by the witty one.

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INSTANTLY
REMOVED
WITHOUT
INJURY TO
THE MOST
DELICATE SKIN

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled upon the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supersedes electrolysis

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safely mailing cases (securely sealed) on receipt of **\$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

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EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED
We offer **\$1,000** for Failure or the Slightest Injury.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

THE LATEST EUROPEAN WONDER!
A walking, talking and sleeping doll free, nearly 1-2 yard tall, exquisitely dressed, will travel 20 feet across the floor and say "Papa" and "Mama" when you wish to have it do so. Sell 80 household articles at 10 cents each, no trash, every one will buy from you at sight, send us \$3.00, and we will send you the doll. We trust you with goods and will guarantee that you will be delighted. Address, **Walking Doll Co., Dept. 60, Box 5308, Boston, Mass.**

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The secret FREE for a Beautiful Bust and a Perfect Figure.



Do you feel yourself deficient as to a plump, well-rounded figure? Is your bust measurement all that you desire? Are there hollow places above and below your collar bone? Whatever you may lack in the way of perfect form or figure Nature will supply for you if you use the **VESTRO** method. A request from you to the **Aurum Co., Chicago**, will bring to you free of cost a sealed package in plain wrapper giving you full information how you can in the privacy of your own room, increase your bust measure 6 inches in a short time and develop and perfect every part of your form. They also send free, new beauty book, showing photos from life, with testimonials from many prominent society ladies, who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write to-day.

AURUM CO., Dept. K., 55 State St., CHICAGO.

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GOWNS FOR BRIDE, BRIDESMAID AND FLOWER GIRL.

A464. Bridal toilette of liberty satin. Bias tuckered yoke finished with deep Duchesse lace ruffle continuing across the sleeve, giving deep shoulder effect. Full puff sleeve with deep tuckered cuff. The skirt, made with long train, is cut in graduated puffs finished with bands of tucks. Lace draped at bottom.

Pinned paper pattern, \$3. Cut to measure, 50 cts. extra.

A465. Bridesmaid's toilette of silk muslin, with tuckered drop yoke, finished with a novelty silk braid and scallops of Chantilly lace. Full puff sleeve, with deep lace cuff. Skirt with yoke and panel front in one, edged with the silk braid and lace scallops, the fullness tuckered at yoke.

Pinned paper pattern, \$2.50. Cut to measure, 50 cts. extra.

A466. Dress of organdie for little flower girl. Waist tuckered in groups with lace applique between. Pointed yoke, edged with ruffle of tucks and lace. Puffed elbow sleeve. Circular skirt finished with lace applique and lace ruffle.

Pinned paper pattern, \$1. Cut to measure, 50 cts. extra.

A MODERN COLONIAL DWELLING.

By Courtesy of D. S. Hopkins, Grand Rapids, Mich., Architect.



DESIGN NO. 275.

HOME-BUILDERS could not help but find a delightful surprise in considering the design illustrated on this page, for it is indeed a compact, practical and beautiful style.

This is a two-story frame two-story attic dwelling. Size 56 x 44 feet all over.

The design is a square form that shows for much more than it costs, representing much style and beauty.

The design shows a side entrance, giving the best rooms to the street. No space is wasted for effect, they are all for use.

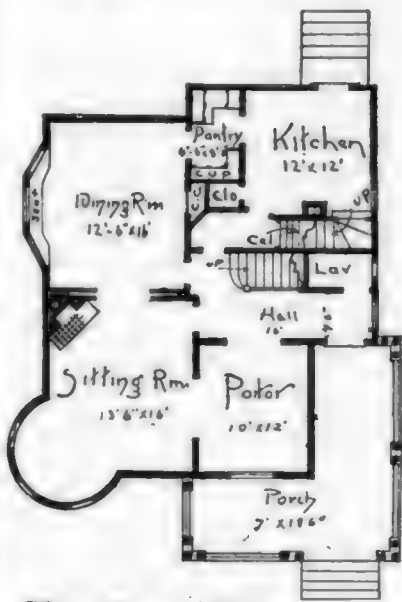
The first story is ten feet high and the second nine feet six inches.

Beneath the entire house there is a stone foundation and cellar which is seven feet deep.

The entire story sides are clap-boarded, except the turret, which is shingled and paneled. Estimate cost is here shown. Principal rooms are in hard wood, balance is in pine, the cost being \$2,500 to \$3,000.

A conservative estimate of the plumbing is \$250, while heating furnace costs \$200.

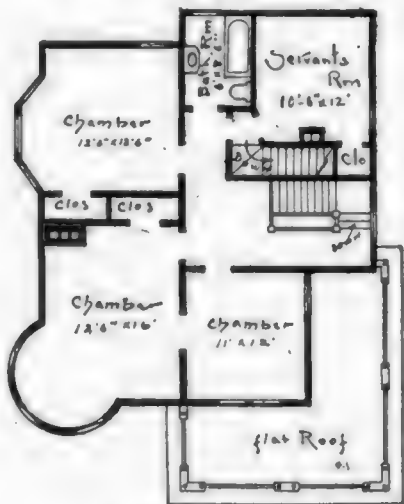
Modifications might consist of enlargement, a fireplace in the dining-room and in the front chamber on the second floor.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

There are three bed chambers, not including the servant's room, over the kitchen.

The flat porch roof, fitted with an awning, makes a capital playground for the children, or in winter, glass-covered, it makes a delightful sun-parlor.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

A Lady's Complexion

can be made soft, smooth, and free from pimples, by the daily use of charcoal. It absorbs all gases, and stops fermentation. This causes a rapid clearing of the complexion.

MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

are composed of pure Charcoal. **FREE**—One full size 25c. box, mailed once only, upon receipt of 2c. stamp. A. J. Dittman, 39 Astor House, N. Y.

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Positively all work returned within THREE HOURS of receipt of goods

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When sending by mail send directions and remittance separately.

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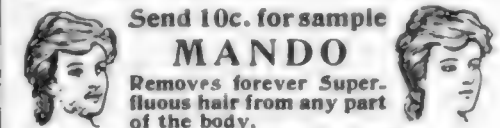
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By Francis and Beer. No. A497, sketched at The Warren Featherbone Co.'s exhibit, 898 Broadway, Cor. 20th St., New York.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations—waists \$1.50, skirts \$1.50, complete suit \$2.50.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A497. Afternoon costume of serge, trimmed strap and fancy braid. Triple cape collar, with side plait falling from each cape. Full puff sleeve, shirred at shoulder with deep cuff, trimmed with straps and small buttons. Shaped girdle and

collar. Gored skirt, trimmed with the fancy braid and buttons.

A498. Etamine gown for afternoon. Tucked blouse with round yoke, trimmed with bands of Persian embroidery and narrow "bonne femme"

ruffle of ribbon. Fastened down front with row of buttons. Full puff sleeve, tucked forming cap, deep pointed cuff, high girdle of silk, skirt shirred at belt with small pointed yoke in front. Trimmed at bottom with embroidery and "bonne femme" ruffles heading tucks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Eileen.—It was Mrs. Leslie Carter who first used the epigram: "A wise woman never forgets her powder-puff; it is her most important weapon." When she was playing "Du Barry" much comment was caused by her excessive use of the powder-puff, until she explained it was a custom of the Court ladies in the days of Louis XV.

* * *

Golf Girl.—1. Notwithstanding that golf is unquestionably good exercise, the effect of playing so much in the open air is very deleterious on a woman's complexion, eyes, hair, hands, and feet. The sun burns the skin and excessive perspiration opens the pores; while the skin is in this receptive condition dirt, full of germs, frequently permeates the scarf skins, causing both ugly eruptions and a thick, leathery look which a "summer girl" spends hours in massage to eradicate. From standing so much with the weight borne on the balls of the feet, involuntarily the result of muscular effort, the delicate extremities grow flat and larger. Insensibly the golf girl's hands grow rough and coarse, the sunburn coarsens the flesh, and the nails are roughened and broken. Frequently girls who are excessively fond of golf show a great change in appearance, which is very noticeable to friends and acquaintances, the worst part being that the change is not always an improvement.

2. Have you read Gabriele D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death"? Wonderful word-pictures of that part of Italy are among the descriptions.

3. George Ade published the essays you mention. He is also the author of a popular comic opera, called "The Sultan of Sulu." Those written by others are distinct, although perhaps equally clever, imitations of those originated by Mr. Ade.

4. The term "yellow journalism" originated in the controversy between two great New York dailies to secure the services of an artist named Outcault, who originated a series of comic illustrations about a "Yellow Kid." The term implies incendiary tendencies, and may be recognized by the distinct ear-marks of red ink and big type.

5. The population of Germany is estimated at fifty-six millions.

6. Culture comes by absorption. Mostly after one leaves college, contact with "those who know" is a powerful factor in eliminating provincialism. Keep your eyes open, try to imitate those who are "worth while," and learn to listen.

* * *

Canada.—Snow-shoes are worn over ordinary leather ones for sliding over icy surfaces very rapidly. In the isolated parts of the country they are almost a necessity. Few Canadians are not familiar with canoeing and snow-shoeing.

* * *

Little Boy.—Religion is a subject which, like politics, should be entirely ignored in general society. More dissension has been caused by arguments on sectarian questions and friends lost than one can enumerate. Clever talkers avoid the deadly shoals of dullness by listening rather than talking too much and by choosing subjects not of a personal character. Politics, temperance, and reform, as well as religious topics, are quite unsuitable for dinner-table discussion. Anecdotes, timely topics about general happenings, books, art and music are the favorite subjects for conversation in the presence of ladies. Personalities, gossip, and double *entendre* must be carefully avoided.

There are no real *salons* in America as we understand the gatherings to have been—which were built upon the personalities of such women as Madame de Staël. Here we, rather, tend to trivialities, "She said" and "He did" being heard every few moments in even society where one might expect to find culture.

It was Madame de Staël who said, "The more I see of dogs the less I like men."

Women of brilliant intellectuality at the present day are usually engaged in following a profession, or else either becoming editors or business women; and there seems to be little time left to cultivate conversation as a "fine art." Surprising though it may seem, most women who have achieved success, in a career or along any intellectual lines, are without the *savoir faire* necessary to gather together the social elements so necessary to bring the intellectual life into social prominence and to merge the two into that intangible something called a *salon*.

There are no rules which I can give you to learn to talk well. Read and think freely and a vocabulary will come unconsciously. Listen and try to cultivate the gift of absorbing and remembering what you hear.



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Fairbank's Fairy Calendar has already taken its place at the head of the annual artistic creations, and we honestly believe that this year's calendar far surpasses all our previous productions.

It consists of seven (7) sheets, size 10 x 12 1/2, free from all advertising, the first sheet bearing the year's calendar and the other six composed of beautiful female heads (which are shown above) around each being a frame effect in imitation of burnt leather, with borders and decorations in L'Art Nouveau (The New Art), the latest French treatment in decoration, which is now all the vogue. The drawings by C. Ward Traver, an artist of national repute, are reproduced lithographically in twelve colors, and each is fitted with a muslin hanger. Calendars of far less beauty and artistic merit retail readily for \$1.00 or \$1.50.

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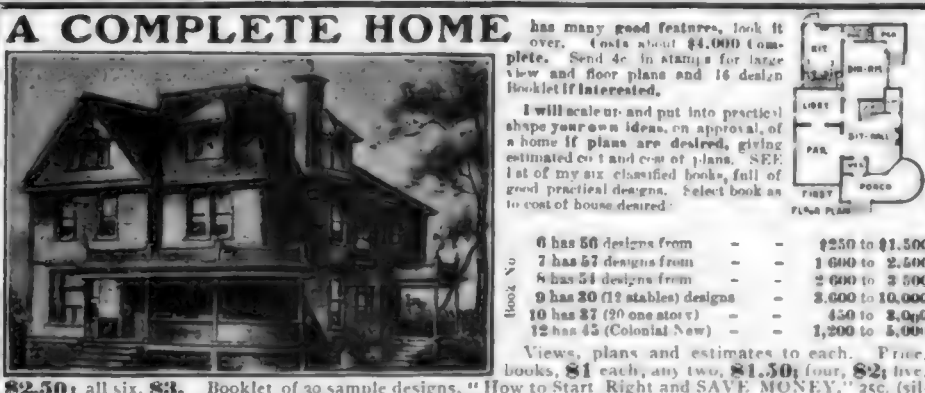
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EVENING GOWNS.

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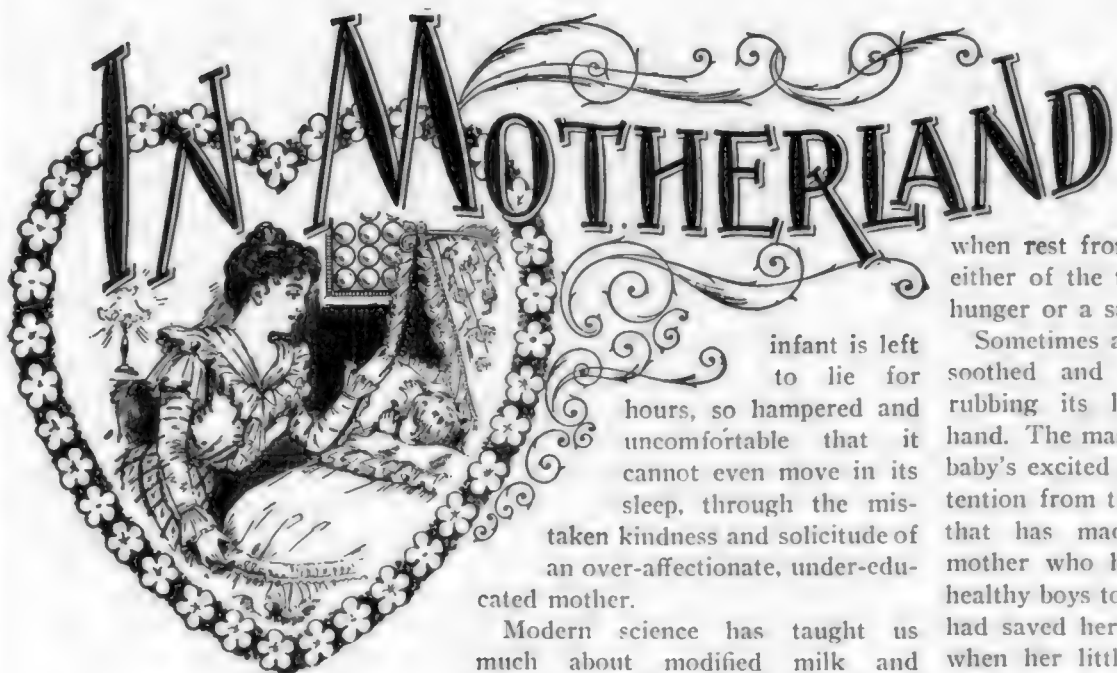
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A499—Evening gown of Liberty silk, V-shaped neck, with drop-yoke laid in plaits, finished with wide band, bolero effect, of mousseline de soie, ornamented with appliqué in pastel shades. Band edged at bottom with silk fringe. Elbow sleeve of appliqué mousseline over silver,

finished with fringe and deep appliqué ruffle. Full skirt, shirred at belt and finished at bottom with three ruffles.

A500—Gown of crêpe de Chine, full blouse with deep lace cape-collar, draped and caught

with rosettes of ribbon velvet; edged at neck with narrow "bonne femme" ruffle. Short sleeve finished with deep lace ruffle. Full skirt shirred at belt, finished at bottom with three "bonne femme" ruffles.



MOTHERS seem to rest under the universal delusion that their little ones ought to be contented to rest in almost immovable quietness, just as though they were the wax and sawdust dollies of the playthings of a few years back.

Curiously, not one of these over-loving mothers, in the desire to keep the little ones in rigid quietness has progressed very far from the methods of the Indian mother who bound her pappoose to her back, in a basket, or the Italian mother, who sews her baby into yards of cotton, not to be removed until the rags almost drop off as a result of old age.

It seems so strange that modern educated, athletic women fail to appreciate the need the little one feels to exercise its muscles, to kick and roll about, and to wave its tiny hands about in the air.

Not one of us can appreciate the sufferings the little ones endure, when hampered with long skirts, downy covers, and sometimes pinned to the mattress with strong pins, an

infant is left to lie for hours, so hampered and uncomfortable that it cannot even move in its sleep, through the mistaken kindness and solicitude of an over-affectionate, under-educated mother.

Modern science has taught us much about modified milk and against the overloading of an infant's stomach; and that the danger to the child is greater in over-feeding than in lack of sufficient nourishment, but little or no attention is paid to instructing parents in allowing a child freedom for its muscles, light covering and change of position for a helpless infant, as elements in keeping a child healthy and happy.

All of us have experienced the horrible cramped, uncomfortable feeling described by many as "a foot asleep" or "an arm asleep," after remaining for some time in one position; and we all appreciate the aching, tingling, uncomfortable sensation and at the same time realize how hard it is to bear.

Yet this memory and the keen recollection of our own great discomfort and inconvenience seldom suggests to us that baby perhaps lies in speechless agony, aching to be turned over, or even to lie almost naked, perhaps covered only with a little shirt and band, which is quite safe if the temperature of the room is normal; to toss his heels in the

air and feel free.

Unable to talk, and in torture, an infant's pitiful wail is usually ascribed to hunger, and it is plied with food.

when rest from confinement and not either of the two usual complaints—hunger or a safety pin—is the cause.

Sometimes a weeping child may be soothed and comforted by gently rubbing its little body with your hand. The massaging seems to soothe baby's excited nerves and take his attention from the pain or nervousness that has made him miserable. A mother who has reared five strong, healthy boys told me that this method had saved her many sleepless nights when her little ones were so small and so near of an age they seemed like little steps of stairs.

Grandmothers, the few who survive with the notions of child-rearing which was followed for years, tell us that babies were born, reared and flourished long before the new-fangled methods were discovered; but there are no statistics compiled to show us how many more children would have survived the foolish methods of past generations, nor have we any proof that the present generation do not represent "the survival of the fittest," like the present race of Indians, who are remarkable now as ever for their strong physiques. They are an example of the survival of those who are strongest, for the weak or crippled die and only the strongest live to prove that Indians are remarkably strong, vigorous and healthy by constitution.

Let the baby lie on the bed sometimes naked except for his little shirt, and give him freedom to toss his heels in the air, crow and laugh. The exercise loosens up all his muscles and is of great benefit.

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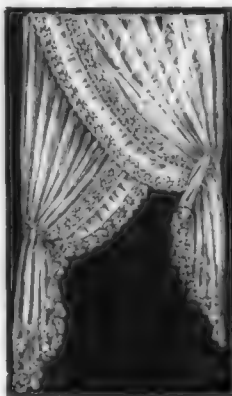
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Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, \$1.50.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A479. Voile party dress for girl (6 to 8 years), plaited in groups, trimmed with shaped rosettes of silk or ribbon. Full sleeve with triple plaited cap and tiny cuff of double ruche. Plaited skirt.

A480. Low-necked frock of white cashmere for child (5 to 8 years). Long-waisted effect, blouse and skirt tucked in groups, neck finished

with band of lace insertion, edged with tiny silk or lace ruffle, points edged with ruche. Rosettes of silk or lace.

A481. Liberty silk party dress, girl (8 to 12 years). Lace yoke and vest effect, edged with ruffle and straps of velvet. The Vandyke points of yoke caught together with velvet straps. Double puff sleeve. Skirt with panel front and double

ruffle around bottom. Lace rosette in diamond shapes.

A482. Girl's silk party frock (6 to 10 years), with panel front from neck to bottom of skirt, tucked crosswise and edged with insertion. Wide double lace ruffle over shoulder. Skirt of double lace ruffles.

"TAT" THE PUSSY

By THERESA THOMAS

THE children had never loved any of the numerous pets that had succeeded each other in position of the favorite as they did the blind maltese kitten, who came into the family circle when she was only three days old.

The baby laughed and crowed with delight, while the older children hung around her high chair, where she sat holding the kitty pressed close over her heart, when she lisped out "The Tat," and so the kitten was called.

Tat grew sleek and fat and so mischievous that she had to be locked in the nursery when the children were out taking their daily constitutional, for she had developed the trick of wandering about the house and getting lost.

Nancy, aged eight, always claimed the Kitty for her own particular property because her Uncle John had given it to her, but that fact did not prevent the others from loving and caring for her in any way that would add to her pleasure and comfort.

Nancy had been going to a kindergarten school, and she had been taught to sew little garments for dolls and other needlework.

Nothing would satisfy Nancy but doll frocks for Tat, so she used to sit in a little low sewing chair beside her mamma, in the big, sunny sewing room, and cut and fit little jackets, skirts and caps for Tat.

At first pussy remonstrated against this form of play, but after a while she became reconciled and would lie dressed in a little red woolen coat, on a favorite

cushioned rocking chair near the fire, until some one disturbed her; then her chubby grey self, in scarlet coat, would cause the children's friends who visited the family to roar with laughter.

Children are naturally cruel to animals and mothers are often heard to remark how strange it is that apparently amiable little girls and boys relish teasing, pinching or pulling an animal's tail, laughing to see the pain they cause. Children are, however, keen to pity the suffering, weak or helpless animals, and poor little blind Tat was fairly worshipped by all the six Foster children, from Teddy, who was nearly sixteen, to the baby—and the baby was only a year old!

Teddy felt himself quite a man, for he owned a donkey named Caesar and two dogs—the larger one was a collie named Sailor and the little fellow was a regular little spitfire, called Pinkie.

Pinkie was a terrier and also a terror.

The Fosters lived in a rambling old mansion near Germantown Junction, just close enough to town for the children to run in to school every day, and yet sufficiently in the country for ample grounds, an orchard and large stables.

Mrs. Foster allowed the children to lead a thoroughly healthful life, lots of time in the open air and all the pets they wanted to take care of, provided they were not brought into the house.

Tat was the one exception, for everyone loved her, and during the warm weather the children used to carry her out to the stable, where she made friends with

the pony, and took rides on Sailor's broad back, her little body curled up into a fluffy grey ball.

Cesar took longer than any of the other animals to make friends with the little maltese kitten, but finally even he responded to the timid advances of Tat, and Tat used to curl up close beside the pony in the hay in the stall and lie asleep for hours, purring with happiness, as cats do when they are pleased and comfortable.

One day Elsie, the baby, had been wheeled out on the lawn in her little go-cart, and the older children were primped up in their best clothes to be driven to church, when baby began to cry bitterly that she wanted to go too. Mrs. Foster did not approve of allowing Elsie to go to church, for she grew so restless and uneasy that she disturbed everyone, and distracted the attention of the other children from the sermon. But this particular Sunday Elsie did want to go with all her brothers and sisters, and she felt it quite cruel to be left at home alone with her own particular nurse.

Mr. Foster fairly adored his little daughter, and, taking her in his arms, he told her a story, and then com-

promised by suggesting that Tat should stay on the lawn with baby until the family returned. Peace and harmony were again restored, and the family piled into the carryall and drove away, waving their hands to Elsie as long as the lawn remained in sight.

Elsie sat playing with Tat until she fell asleep. Tat, curled up in her lap, looked the picture of content.

Elsie's nurse

came over and wheeled the go-cart slowly across the lawn to the shaded porch, and forgot all about Tat, who slipped into the sun-warmed grass without waking up.

Some time later, when the family returned, Nancy bounded out of the carriage, and, without seeing Tat, half-concealed in the grass, she trod on him, breaking his neck.

That was a terrible Sunday in the memory of the children. They all felt inconsolable.

Later a spectacular funeral rather consoled them for the death of poor, petted, blind Tat.

Baby Elsie wept bitterly, and her mother and father and brothers and sisters promised in vain to procure another little cat. She wanted poor, dear, blind Tat.

Nancy occupied herself for several hours in making a white woolen kimono to bury Tat in, and while she sewed hot, burning tears dropped on the shroud.

The boys busied themselves in making a grave, and they dug quite deep—until they were entirely worn out and exhausted. A large box was procured and carefully padded, and the lid made to fasten on like a real coffin.

The children laid Tat gently in and knelt down beside the little coffin and prayed very earnestly over the little cat.

Teddy placed the box on the donkey's back and the funeral procession wended its way through the orchard to the foot of a favorite tree.

There, in the little grave, poor Tat was tenderly placed, and the weeping children said good-bye.



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A473. French flannel dress for child (3 to 6 years), box-plaited front, trimmed with shaped bands of contrasting cloth, finished with rosettes of silk. Plaited sleeve and skirt.

A474. Costume of checked serge for miss (12 to 16 years). Blouse with front edges left loose, giving bolero effect, caught together with buckle.

Vest and tie of silk. Sleeve with plaits extending to collar. Plaited skirt.

A475. Boys' checked Stuart plaid frock (3 to 6 years), military effect, buttoned to one side and trimmed with shaped bands of plain cloth epaulettes on shoulder, gold buttons. Plaited skirt.

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A WORD ABOUT OUR NEW PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

AFTER months of preparation, and at a great outlay for machinery, etc., our plans for adding a Department of Ready-Made Patterns are at last entirely perfected. In this issue we give our readers a fashion feast, the like of which has never anywhere been offered to the readers of any other magazine in this country or in Europe.

The perfect proportions and exquisite lines of PICTORIAL REVIEW Patterns, which heretofore have been cut only to order, are too well known to require any commendation from us. They receive their highest praise from the fact that the most eminent couturieres and fashion authorities in New York and Paris use them and quote them.

It has long been our desire to issue ready-made patterns that should be as perfect, as beautiful and as reliable as our finest pinned paper patterns, which we cut only to order. The extraordinary welcome which readers have given our monthly coupon patterns determined us to increase our pattern cutting facilities to such an extent that we now can offer not only one coupon pattern each month, but give our readers a wide range of patterns that embrace the needs of the whole family, priced at a figure so low that no one need ever again be forced to use so-called "cheap" patterns, or be annoyed by the vexatious problem of cutting a well-fitting garment from an ill-cut pattern.

It must not be understood, however, that the new ready-made patterns are meant to supersede our cut-to-order pinned paper patterns; quite the contrary; they neither conflict with nor supersede them in any way. Both are cut to fill an entirely different field and to meet entirely different needs. In point of beauty, originality, practicability, however, they meet on equal ground.

Our ready-made patterns are made to fill the wants of millions of home dressmakers. They solve every problem and difficulty that confront the amateur and the woman to whom dressmaking is but an occasional task and not an absorbing study. These are the people who have welcomed our monthly coupon patterns and these are the people for whom we have prepared a delightful surprise in the shape of thirty-two additional patterns which will be found illustrated on the last four pages of this issue.

It is a brilliant spread for your selection, embracing the very newest ideas for fall and winter, including the fashionable military effects in costumes for ladies and misses and ex-

ceptionally smart conceits in drop shoulder and other waist styles, together with charmingly dainty dresses for the little ones.

You will find a wide range of beautiful skirts, including several high novelties in yoke, fancy paneled and tailored effects. They are the very latest of the season's styles; all so ingeniously cut and simplified that although they appear very intricate and elaborate to the eye they are in reality very simple.

Full and explicit instructions go with every pattern, and we will gladly give any further information and



advice concerning details of fabric, trimming and suitability to any subscriber writing for such.

The modes of the period offer such a diversity of styles that women need no longer be slaves to any one fashion or wear it regardless of becomingness. For those who can wear a distinctive style there has been nothing in a long time so charming and effective as the new Corset Skirt which we illustrate on this page and of which we issue our regular coupon pattern. This is one of the few skirts which will be found universally becoming. Its long lines add to height, and its many seams lend the much desired slender effect to even a "dumpy" figure. Its cut accentuates the slope of the hips and its modified flare gives a graceful finish at the foot. Worn with or without the Corset Coat

(Pattern No. 10), it invests the figure with a distinct air of fashion.

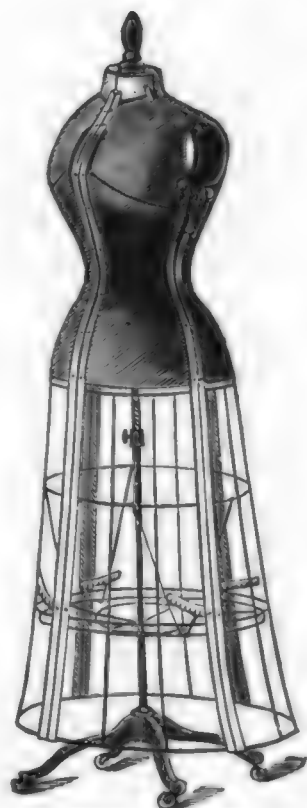
It is also an economical skirt, regardless of its fifteen gores, which would seem rather to indicate an extravagant cut of the material. It can be cut from eight yards of 22-inch fabric, such as taffeta, peau-de-soie, or other material which will permit cutting without regard to "up-and-down." If goods must all be cut one way it will require 1 1/4 yds. more. If 27-inch material be used, it will require 6 3/4 yards if there is no "up and down" or 8 3/4 yds., if the fabric must be cut with regard to design or nap. If wide material such as tweeds or bouretts or serges, or the perennially popular broadcloths be used, it will require 3 3/4 yds.

The pattern of the corset skirt consists of eleven pieces: eight gores, a section of trimming, strap and belt. In placing the pattern upon the cloth it is advised that you study the symbols perforated in the tissue paper and observe them for your guidance in cutting and making. The printed instructions which we give with each pattern take all the difficulty out of your work.

To cut the Corset Skirt place edge of front gore with triple "TTT" perforations on lengthwise fold of material; place other gores with line of large perforations on the straight of goods. Measure width of trimming band on each gore before cutting and mark off to the desired width.

To Make.—Join seams according to notches, basting always from the waist line downward, making the seams match at top and bottom. Terminate back seam at notch and turn a backward pleat at the top, bringing "T" perforation over "O". Baste to the band with centres even and fit carefully before stitching. Should skirt be found too large around the waist, do not alter by deepening the pleat at the back, but divide the amount of the excess width among all the gores, taking a fraction of it out of each seam equally. Should this have the effect of making the skirt too full around the stomach, make the alteration to seams at the side and at the back only.

Stitch around the bottom of the skirt in parallel lines, terminating the upper rows at intervals where bisected by the trimming bands. Arrange the trimming bands with points over indicating perforations. Braid may be used in place of cloth for trimming and straps.



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is designed for the purpose of doing away with all such discomforts and disappointments, and for rendering the work of dressmaking easy and satisfactory. This form can be set in correct proportions to fifty different shapes and sizes, also made longer and shorter at the waist line, so that it can be changed to suit any member of the family, also raised and lowered to any desired height. Cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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The Coupon for Pattern of Corset Skirt will be found on page 2.



SCHOOL FROCKS.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, \$1.

Cut to measure, 50 cts. extra.

A486. Russian blouse dress for miss (12 to 16 years) of serge with deep peplum, trimmed with bands of embroidery of fancy braid, tucked yoke of silk and sleeve with plain sleeve cap.

A487. Child's frock of cashmere (6 to 10

years), trimmed with bands of embroidery and narrow braid. Cape collar effect, extending as plait down front, tucked on either side. Double sleeve with cuff attached to lining. Full skirt.

A488. Dress of blue serge (6 to 10 years), double plaited front, shape yoke with tiny vest

effect, skirt plaited in front. Trimming of white soutache, large buttons and passementeries.

A489. Cashmere dress for child (3 to 6 years), with plaited front, crossed by straps, trimmed with tiny gold ball buttons, plaited bishop sleeve, plain sleeve cap, finished with strap. Full plaited skirt.

"TALKS TO GIRLS."

BISHOP POTTER, in a recent address delivered to the alumni of a woman's college, said: "Believe me, that, on the testimony of the young men themselves, you can wear no charm greater than that of reserved, cultivated speech. Use your eye, your mind, your lips to lift the great tongue, Shakespeare's tongue, which we all inherit." The burden of the whole discourse was on the alarming and insidious use of slang.

Enough cannot be said in regard to the bad impression a girl creates by the frequent use of slang in her conversation, unless another note of warning be added in regard to intonation, vocabulary and method of enunciation.

Cultured persons do not necessarily select large words, nor do they speak in the stilted phraseology of the provincial who "never goes to bed," but who always "retires"; whose "nasty-nice" modesty would not allow the use of the word "leg," but who instead uses, invariably, in a confusing manner, the word "limb."

Affectation is as absurd as it is silly and foolish, and no gentlewoman is ever guilty of assuming the mincing note nor exaggerated pronunciation of the social pretender, or those who seek to conceal their ignorance under a mask of hypocrisy.

Let it be in no way assumed that a young girl should limit her conversation to inane platitudes nor that she should aim to make her conversation entirely colorless. There are certain slang phrases, like a few French idioms, which have no correlative in the English language.

Although there are several such really expressive words in the writer's mind, at the present writing, it is unnecessary to transcribe them here. What we would inveigh against is the continued use of silly expressions like "dandy," "a dandy time," and "a dandy girl."

There are many well-educated, intelligent girls who render consecutive conversation an impossibility because of a senseless flow of foolish chatter, simply talk, nothing, about nothing.

An ambitious girl who seeks to become a good conversationalist, and an entertaining talker, avoids the dreaded goals of long stories, and personalities.

Frequently persons of inferior education are astonished that writers, and those who have excelled in some particular avenue of success, speak as simply and with no more happy choice of language than does one less educated.

A few short days ago the writer met a young girl who had just been introduced to Society. She received an invitation to meet an international celebrity, a man of letters.

In describing him to me she said, with the scornful criticism of eighteen years of inexperience: "Do you know, he said 'rotten' and 'skedaddle.' Fancy how disappointed I was!"

Impossible to restrain my laughter, I allowed her to chatter on until she had utterly condemned this great man, who had challenged the admiring eye of the whole world of thinkers, and lovers of words, by his incomparable English and pen-pictures, couched in an apparently limitless vocabulary.

"Judge not lest ye be judged."

Quien sabe!

Let the young girl who wishes to form the habit of correct speech and entertaining conversation study the intonation of the well-bred woman, carefully selecting for her model a woman whose education and manners are *sans reproche*.

She will not exaggerate, gossip, condemn, nor criticise too severely, this woman of the world; for be it clearly understood, the "woman of the world" is very different from the worldly woman, who is merciless, scathing, ambitious, and unscrupulous. The "woman of the world" to choose for a model is charitable, courteous, gentle, kind; experience has taught her to regard the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by," and the sharp corners of her character and disposition have been eradicated by the heart-scalding tears and bitter disappointments which are part of her life. Cheerful, gay, and with a smiling countenance she regards a pleasant, amiable disposition as part of her equipment to fight the battle of life.

She listens rather than talks; but if you wish to test her wealth of knowledge, memory for really clever anecdotes, or ability to lead a conversation, you should see her at her own dinner-table, surrounded by guests.

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DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. **IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP.** Is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copper, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. **OZARK HERB CO., Block 32, St. Louis, Mo.**

TO FAT PEOPLE

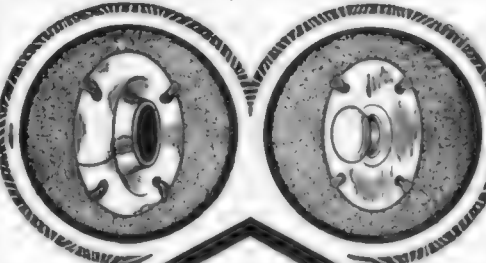
I can reduce your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week without any radical change in what you eat; no nauseating drugs, no tight bandages, no sickening cathartics. I am a regular practicing physician, making a specialty of the reduction of surplus flesh; and after you have taken my treatment a few weeks you will say: "I never felt better in my life!"

SAFE, PROMPT AND CERTAIN. By my treatment your weight will be reduced without causing wrinkles or flabbiness of skin; heavy abdomen, double chin or other evidences of obesity will disappear; your form will acquire symmetry; complexion will be cleared; troubles of heart, kidneys, stomach or other organs will be remedied; and you will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which these results are accomplished under my system. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for my new book, on "Obesity, Its Cause and Cure," which will be sent sealed in plain envelope. It will convince you. Mention this magazine when writing.

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If your dealer hasn't them, send his name and a 2-cent stamp for samples, or 6 cents for a trial set.

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We will mail **Five Days' Trial Treatment** with **Booklet** and full instructions; just enough to convince you that our method will positively develop the **Bust** from 2 to 8 inches in 3 weeks. No appliances; easy to use. **Sure, Permanent, and the Only Healthful and Harmless** method. "Ten years of success." Send name and 5 cents for postage.

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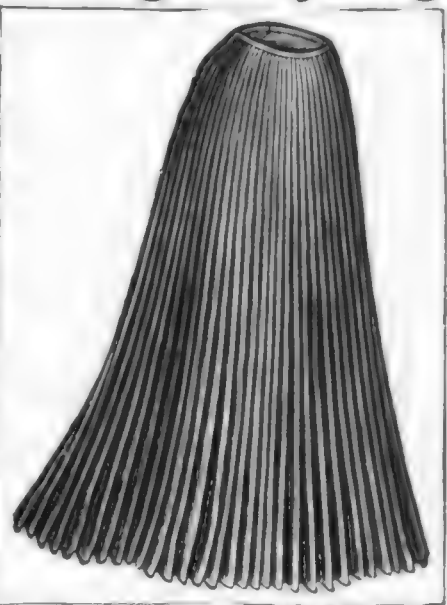
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SCHOOL FROCKS.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, \$1.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A467. Dress of cashmere for child 6 to 8 years, cut in double bolero effect and deep over shoulder, forming sleeve cap. Full front. Skirt with two tucks at bottom.

A468. Challie dress, for child 6 to 10 years, trimmed with folds of silk and clusters of ball buttons: tucked on shoulder and cut in bolero

effect, with plaited front, plaits continuing down front of skirt. Double cap over sleeve.

A469. Child's sailor dress, 3 to 6 years, of Scotch plaid, with sailor collar and vest of plain color, trimmed with bands of silk or braid, finished with braid rosette. Sleeve tucked, pointed cuff. Plaited skirt.

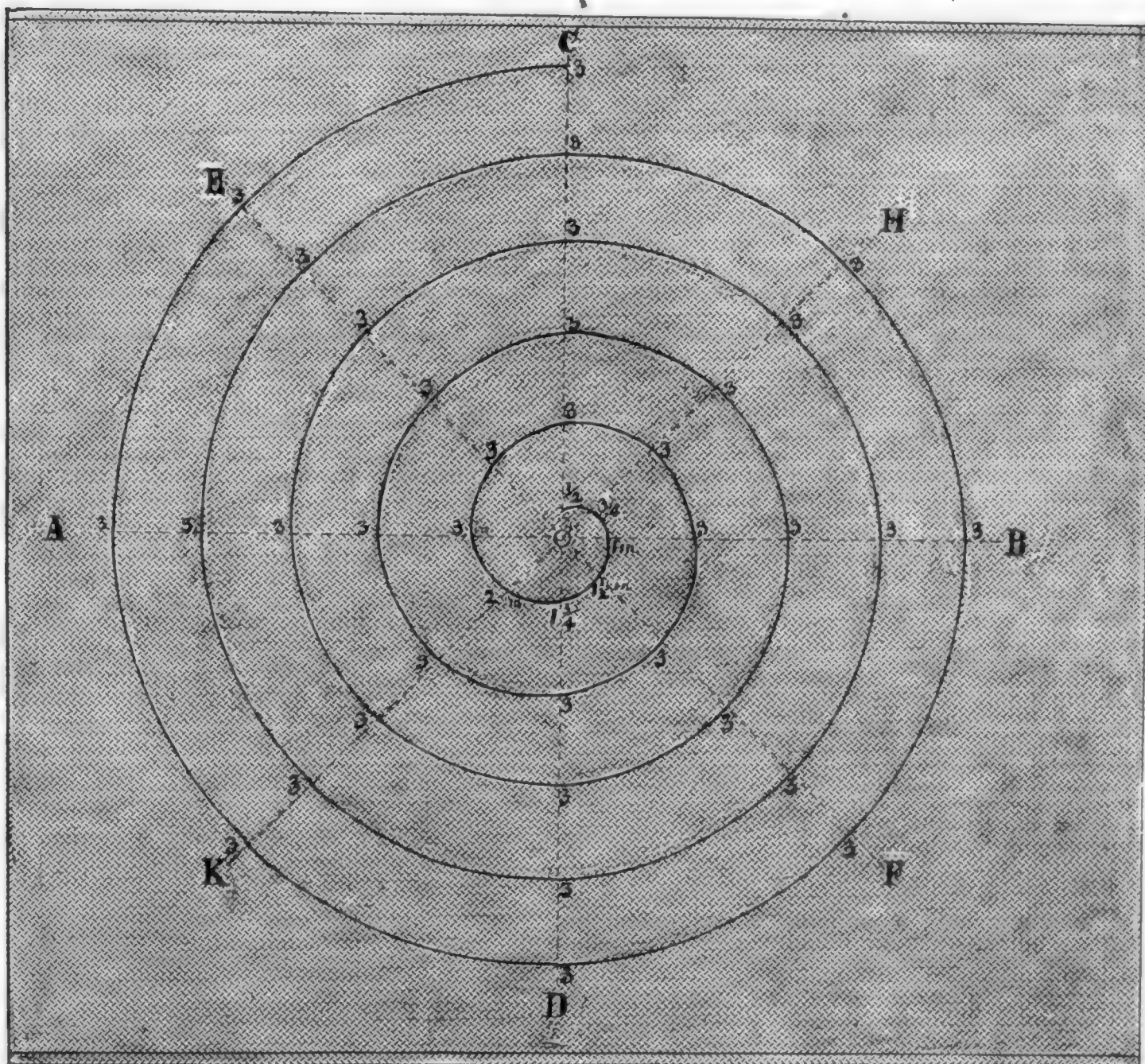
A470. Cashmere dress of plain color for child of 3 to 6 years, vest effect with triple cape collar, slightly gathered. Finished with band of silk. Full blouse, tucked at yoke. Long waisted effect. Tucked sleeve and skirt. Belt and tie of silk.

McDowell's Practical Lesson in Dresscutting

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How to Draft a Narrow Circular Ruffle.

HOW TO CUT THE MATERIAL.



SELVAGE OF MATERIAL

The object of this lesson is to show how to cut a narrow circular ruffle into long pieces, thus avoiding the sewing of small pieces together, and at the same time utilizing the material more closely. The rule laid down is for a ruffle 3 inches wide, but if you desire it wider or narrower you can have it so by changing as follows: After you have located the first 6 figures as shown from the center of the diagram, then use the number of inches that is to correspond with the width ruffle you desire.

"How to Draft."

Draw line from A to B, 20 inches long, and draw another line across as from C to D, 20 inches long, so that this line cuts line A B through the center at right angles as shown by diagram. Now measure from the end of line A to the end of line C and locate point E half way between. Measure from B to C, and locate point H half way between. To avoid mistakes you can also measure from A to D, and locate point K half way between, and measure from point B to D and locate F half way between. Draw lines from E to F and from H to K, so they cross over each other directly in the center at O as shown by the diagram. Measure from the center at O, up toward C, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and from O up toward H, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. Measure from O out toward B

1 inch, and from O down toward F, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. From O, down on line D, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Measure down from O, on line K, 2 inches. Measure from O also on line A 3 inches. Now as the width of the ruffle is to be 3 inches wide, all the widths from this point will be measured 3 inches wide. In forming the line we begin at the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch mark near O, and continue as shown in the diagram.

You had better make this draft on paper first and cut it out, and notice the effect produced before you begin to experiment on material, but when you understand it you can then mark direct upon the material.

In order to find the amount of material necessary for the ruffles, measure around the bottom of that part of the garment where the ruffle is to be set on. Suppose this measure is forty inches on the half. Take two-thirds of this quantity, which amounts to twenty-six and a half inches, and you will find the length required for the ruffle.

In seaming it to the foundation the under edge is put on quite plain; the curve on the outer edge is sufficient to form the ripple. Sometimes the ruffle is lined; when this is done the lining is cut in the same way as the material.

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The success and approbation accorded our Fur Scarf premiums of previous seasons, together with the many letters of inquiry requesting similar premiums for this season, have induced us to repeat our gigantic premium offer of last year, and to add to it an even more extensive selection of choice and fashionable furs. Any one of these are worth ten times the effort that will be required of you to obtain the desired number of subscriptions to get a fur scarf **ABSOLUTELY FREE**.

Countless letters in our office testify to the high appreciation that our premiums have met with on all sides, and we are confident that in offering these attractive furs, we will meet with popular approval and success.



No. 180. Zitha Black Lynx scarf, 50 inches long including cluster of two tails, absolutely free for **THREE** yearly subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at \$1.00 each.



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give not only a perfect fit for a perfect figure; but a perfect fit for any figure.

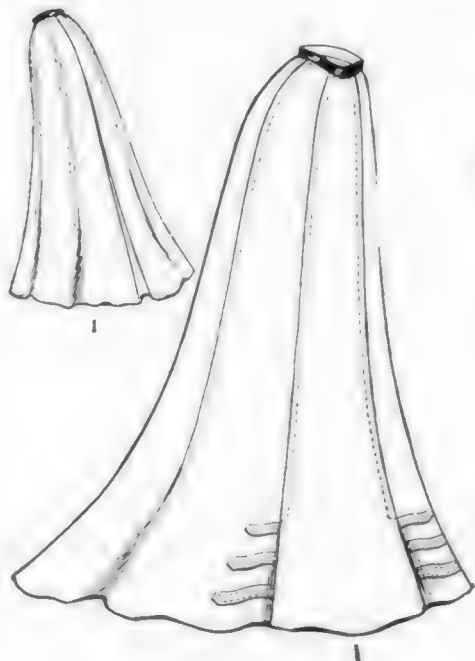
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are the only patterns published at a popular price in which the waists and coats, and jackets are built on French models with the dart seam extending to shoulder in front and the side-body seam extending to shoulder in back. Giving not only the most graceful lines to every figure; but producing a perfect fit for any figure without calling for any special skill on the part of the user, since the dart seam to shoulder at front and the side-body seam to the shoulder at back afford the means whereby the width of chest and bust may be increased or lessened and the width of back may be made narrower or broader without affecting the contour of armhole or neck or waist-line, and without destroying the artistic lines of the pattern.

In other words it enables the woman with stooping shoulders, who has a narrow chest and broad back, and the woman with large bust and chest with narrow back to attain the same perfection of fit as the woman whose figure is in perfect proportion.

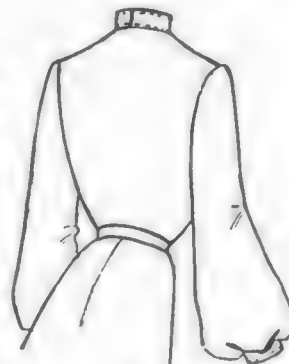
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LADIES' SEVEN GORE FLARE SKIRT, with Graduated Tuck at Each Side Seam, and Inverted or outside Box Pleat at Centre Back. Cut in 8 sizes, from 22 to 36 inches waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 56 inches Hip Measure. The medium size requires $8\frac{3}{4}$ yds. material, 27 in. wide, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 44 in., or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 50 in.
Price, 15 cents.



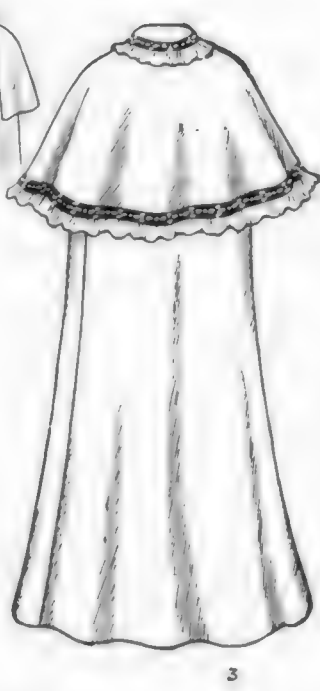
PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 2.

LADIES' ONE-PIECE SHIRT WAIST, made with or without a seam under the arm. Cut in 6 sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 22 in. material, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 27 in., or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36 in., or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 44 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 3.

INFANT'S CLOAK, with Circular Cape and Circular Back, with or without a centre seam. Made in one size only. Material required: $4\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 27 in., or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 44 in., or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 50 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 4.

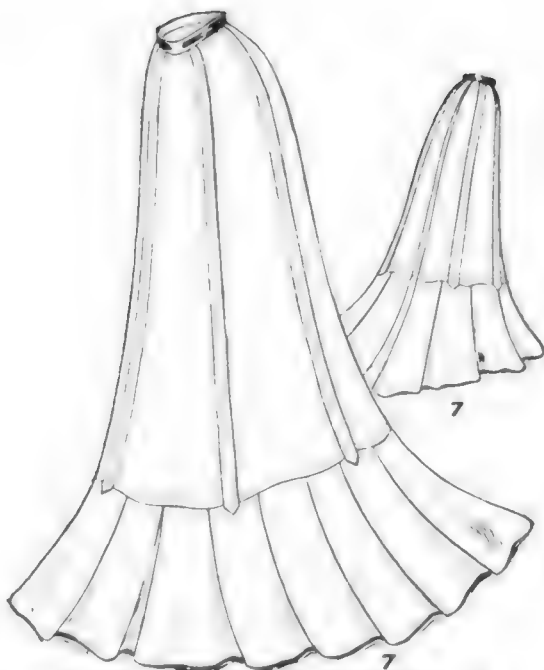
CHILD'S PLAITED DRESS, with or without shoulder cape effect. Cut in 4 sizes—3 to 6 years. The 4 year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of 27 in. material, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36 in., or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yds. 44 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 5.

LADIES' FIVE GORE FLARE SKIRT, with Habit back, in Sweep or Round Length. Cut in 8 sizes, from 22 to 36 inch waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 56 inches Hip measure. Width at bottom, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yds. The medium size requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 27 in. material, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36 in., or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 44 in.
Price, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review for November 1903



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 7.

LADIES' SEVEN-GORED FLARE SKIRT, with Pleated Shaped Flounce in Sweep or Round Length. Cut in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 in. Waist, 40 to 50 in. Hip. The medium size requires 13 yds. 22 in., or 6½ yds. 44 in., or 5½ yds. 54 in. material.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 8.

CHILD'S DRESS, cut in 6 sizes, 2 to 7 years. Material required for 4 year size: 3½ yds. 27 in., or 2¾ yds. 36 in., or 2¼ yds. 44 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 9.

MISSSES' GUIMPE DRESS, with Five Gored Skirt. Cut in 5 sizes, from 10 to 14 years. The 12 year size requires 3½ yds. 27 in. material, or 2¾ yds. 36 in., or 2¼ yds. 44 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 6.

GIRL'S GUIMPE DRESS, cut in 7 sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required for 8 year size, 5 yds. 27 in., or 3½ yds. 36 in., or 2¾ yds. 44 in. Embroidered Edging, 2 yds.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 14.

LADIES' BOX PLAIED SHIRT WAIST, with applied yoke in Drop Shoulder effect. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The medium size requires 3½ yds. 27 in. material, or 2¾ yds. 36 in., or 1¾ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.



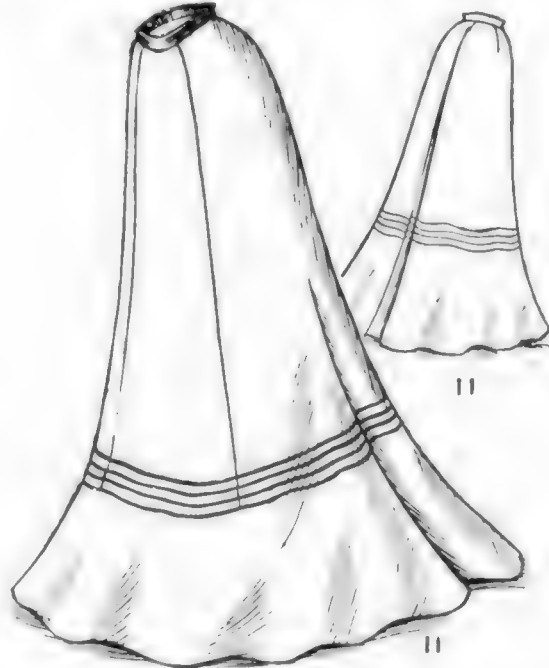
PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, No. 15.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST, Tucked in Yoke effect, with Shoulder Trimming of Shaped Bands. Cut in 5 sizes, 32 to 40 in. Bust measure. The medium size requires 4½ yds. 27 in. material, or 3 yds. 36 in., or 2¼ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 10.

LADIES' CORSET COAT OR JACKET, in either of two lengths. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 in. bust measure. The medium size requires 4¼ yds. 27 in. material, 2¾ yds. 44 in., 2¼ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 11.

LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT, with Graduated Flounce. Cut in 8 sizes 22 to 36 in. Waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 54 in. Hip measure. The medium size requires 10¾ yds. 22 in. material, or 7¾ of 36 in., or 6½ of 44 in., or 4½ of 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 16.

LADIES' YOKE SHIRT WAIST, with cluster tucks down front and tucked to give fullness over bust. Cut in 5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches Bust measure. The medium size requires 3½ yds. of 27 in. material, or 3 yds. of 36 in., or 1¾ yds. of 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 13.

LADIES' COSTUME, with Blouse Waist and Shaped Flounce Skirt, trimmed with tucks and Shaped Bands. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches Bust measure and 20 to 30 inches Waist measure. The medium size requires 15½ yds. of 27 in. material, or 9½ yds. of 36 in., or 6½ yds. of 54 in.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 12.

LADIES' SEVEN GORE FLARE WALKING SKIRT, with Inverted or Outside Box Pleat at Centre Back. Cut in 8 sizes, from 22 to 36 in. Waist measure, and 40 to 54 in. Hip measure. 3¾ yds. wide at bottom. Medium size requires 3¾ yds. of 36 in. material, or 3½ yds. of 44 in., or 2½ yds. of 54 in.

Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 19.

LADIES' STREET COSTUME, consisting of Blouse with Inverted Box Plaits in Slot Seam effect and Nine Gore Skirt with Habit Back, and Inverted Box Plaits at Flares. Trimmed with Buttoned Tabs. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches Bust measure, corresponding to 20 to 30 inches Waist measure. The medium size requires 14 yds. of 22 in. material, or 9½ yds. of 36 in., or 6 yds. of 54 in.

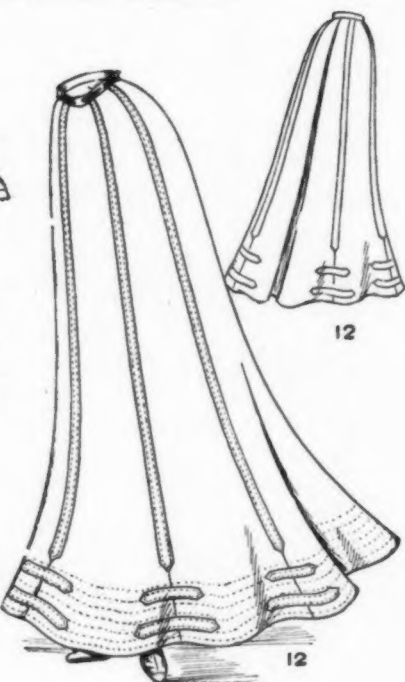
Price, 25 cents.



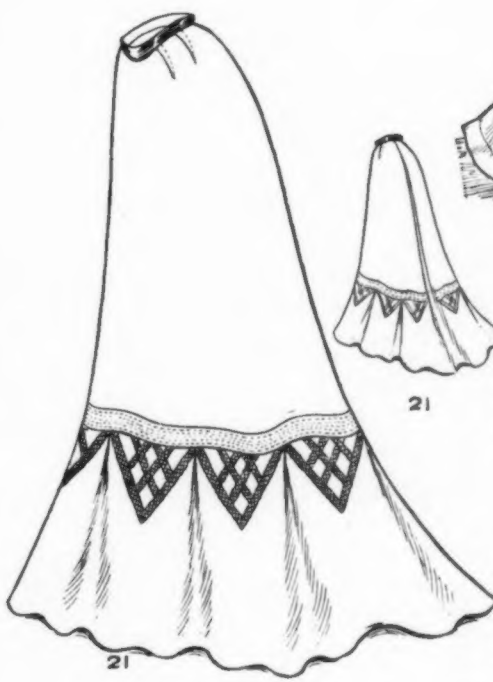
PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN No. 17.

LADIES' BOX PLAITED SHIRT WAIST, with yoke effect Collar. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inch Bust measure. The medium size requires 4¼ yds. of 27 in. material, or 3¼ yds. of 36 in., or 2½ yds. of 54 in.

Price, 15 cents.



12



21



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 18.

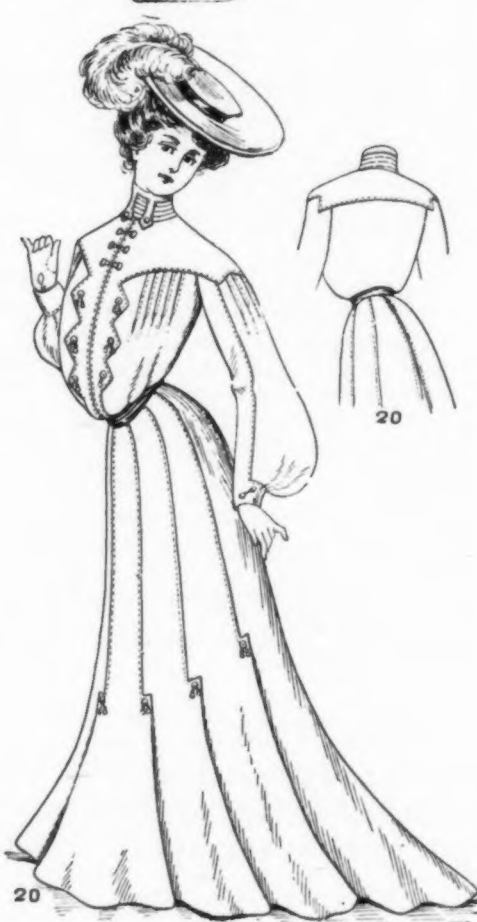
LADIES' COSTUME, with lined or unlined Fancy Waist and Graduated Tucked Flounce Skirt. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 in. Bust measure, corresponding to 20 to 28 in. Waist measure. The medium size requires 15 yds. of 27 in. material, or 12½ yds. of 36 in., or 7½ yds. of 54 in.

Price, 25 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 21.

LADIES' SKIRT, with Inverted Box-Plaited Flounce and Inverted Pleat Back. Cut in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 in. Waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 50 inches Hip measure. The medium size requires 8¼ yds. of 27 in. material, or 5¾ yds. of 36 in., or 4¼ yds. of 54 in.

Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 20.

LADIES' STREET COSTUME, with Tucked Blouse in Drop Shoulder effect, and Eleven Gore Skirt with Inverted Pleats at Flare and at back. Trimmed with Tasseled Ornaments. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches Bust measure. The medium size requires 16 yards of 22 inch material, or 10½ yds. of 36 in., or 6½ yds. of 54 in.

Price, 25 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 22.

LADIES' WALKING SUIT, with Half-fitting Long Coat and Paneled Skirt in Walking Length. Cut in 5 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. Bust measure. Medium size requires 10¼ yds. of 27 in. material, or 8¼ yds. of 36 in., or 6 yds. of 54 in.

Price, 25 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 24.

LADIES' WALKING SUIT, with Epaul-ette Coat in Military Effect, and Nine Gore Skirt in Walking Length. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches Bust measure. The medium size requires 9¾ yds. of 27 in. material, or 7¾ yds. of 36 in., or 5¾ yds. of 54 in.

Price, 25 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN,
NO. 27.

Boys' Blouse Suit, opening under Box Plait in front, with Separate Skirt and Knickerbockers. Cut in 3 sizes, 3, 4 and 5 years, requiring 4 yds. 27 in. material, or 2 yds. 54 in. and $\frac{5}{8}$ yd. lining. Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN,
NO. 28.

Misses' Blouse Costume, with "V" Front Drop Shoulder Yoke effect. Open front or back, with Inverted Box Plaited Circular Skirt. Cut in 4 sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. The medium size requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 27 in. material, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ of 36 in., or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yds. of 54 in. Price, 25 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN,
NO. 29.

Misses' Costume, with lined or unlined Military Shield, Front Blouse and Circular Skirt tucked in Panel effect, with front panel and shaped flounce in one piece. Cut in 4 sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The medium size requires 6 yds. of 27 in. material, or $4\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36 in., or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 54 in., and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. lining. Price, 25 cents.



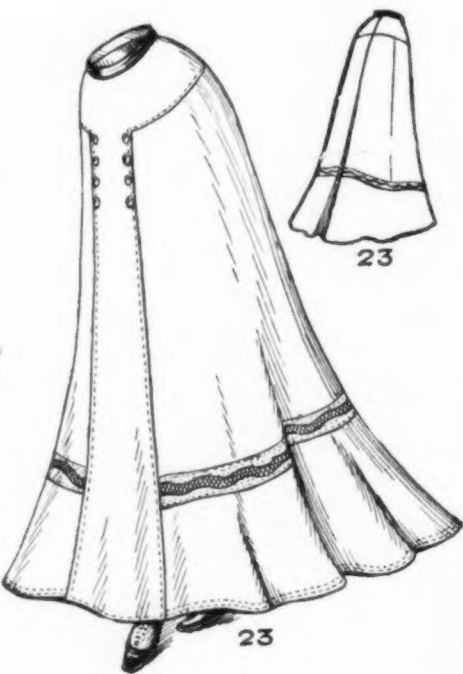
PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN,
NO. 30.

Boy's Russian Blouse Suit, with Knickerbocker Trousers. Cut in 4 sizes, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. The medium size requires 3 yds. of 27 in. material or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yds. 54 in., and $\frac{5}{8}$ yd. lining. Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW
PATTERN, No. 25.

Ladies' Walking Suit, with Double Breasted Military Coat and Nine Gore Walking Skirt. Cut in 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches Bust measure. The medium size requires $9\frac{7}{8}$ yds. of 27 in. material or $7\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36 in., or $5\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 54 in. Price, 25 Cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN,
NO. 23.

Ladies' Walking Skirt, with one piece Yoke and Panel Front, and Graduated Circular Flounce from Sides. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches Waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 48 inches Hip measure. The medium size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 27 in. material, or 5 yds. 36 in., or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 54 in. Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN,
NO. 31.

Ladies' Yoke and Panel Front Skirt, with Inverted box plaits at seams and black. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches Waist measure. The medium size requires $7\frac{7}{8}$ yds. of 27 in. material, or 7 yds. of 36 in., or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of 54 in. Price, 15 cents.

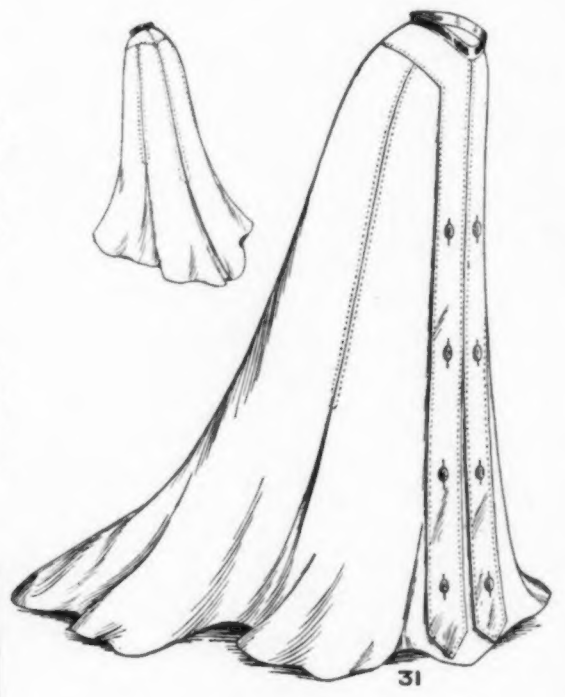
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Ladies' Dress Skirt, with Hip Emplacement at Sides and Inverted Box-Plaits at front, sides and back. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches Waist measure. The medium size requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yds. of 27 in. material, or $5\frac{1}{8}$ yds. 36 in., or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 54 in. Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN,
NO. 32.

Ladies' Panelled Yoke, Diagonal Seam Five-gored Skirt with Inverted Pleats at Seams and Back. Cut in 6 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 in. waist measure. The medium size requires $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 in material or 7 yds. of 36 in., or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 54 in. Price, 15 Cents.



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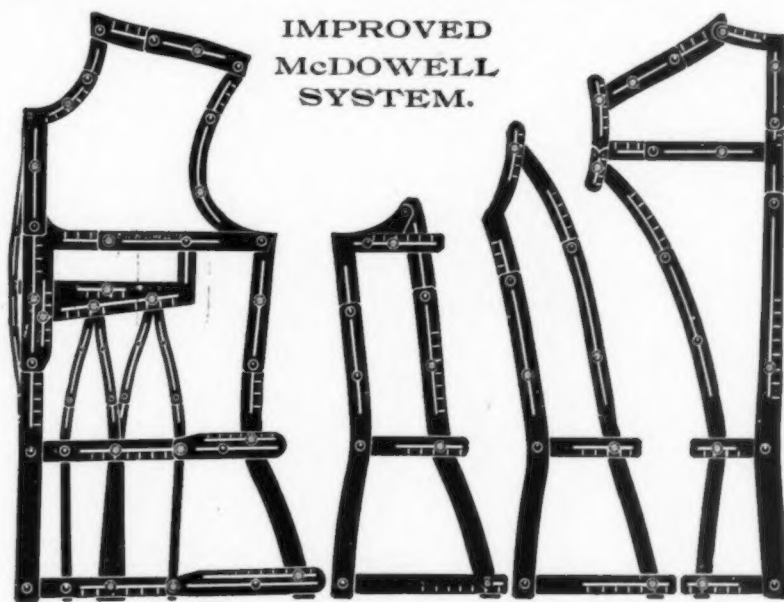
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